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T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 7 NOVEMBER 1975 • No 3,843 • 15p

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RICHARD CLUTTERBUCK:
Living with Terrorism
160pp. Faber and Faber. £3.50.

That man is a wolf to man is an old classical saying deriving from Plautus and greatly current in the seventeenth century. It is now out of fashion, partly because we have discovered that wolves are not as bad as they were painted and partly because we prefer abstract concepts like violence to racy metaphors about animals. The present decade is greatly preoccupied with this perennial issue. These days it takes the form of terrorism, which may be described as indiscriminate killing and maiming for purportedly political ends. One has to say "purportedly" political ends because it is by no means clear whether the situation we face is one of political philosophers becoming criminals, or criminals becoming political philosophers.

Certainly terrorism is closely linked with criminality. The Symbionese Liberation Army combined its political beliefs with a career of bank robbery; the Angry Brigade stole credit cards and cheque books from students at universities and embarked on a career of fraud. Both resembled the vast number of other imitative violent groups that have sprung up like dragons' teeth in the past ten years in that they unite an elevated sense of their own righteousness with an incompetent ruthlessness in causing death and destruction in the world. Both the SLA and the Angry Brigade claimed that violence was the uniquely effective way to revolution; and both are now extinct. It is much too early, however, to predict that they will not provoke further imitators.

The effectiveness claimed for violence is, of course, largely illusory. Mahatma Gandhi "liberated" (if we are to accept the jargon) a huge subcontinent without resorting to violence, while the IRA, operating against the same enemy, have merely succeeded in turning a delicate political situation into a blood-drenched catastrophe. One reason for this is no doubt that Gandhi had vast popular support, whereas the IRA is a small group of fanatics largely constituted by their own strong convictions. But another reason for the failure of terrorism is that it is often a recourse of the dumb and the unimaginative, those who lack the skill to promote their ends in any other way and who therefore pick up the latest fashion. Terrorism is essentially imitative. Further, it uses its victims as means to its own ends, and thus cannot understand the world comprehensively enough to include *their* desires and purposes within its purview. This narrowness is generally evident in such thoughts as terrorists manage to cobble together to provide the theory of what they are doing. It is, indeed, the often stark chasm between the thoughts of terrorist groups and the viciousness of their behaviour which leads many social scientists to treat the thoughts as a barely relevant epiphenomenon of some deeper influences leading to the behaviour.

Thus Richard Clutterbuck in *Living with Terrorism* talks about terrorism as a disease. Many writers have adopted what is in fact the terrorists' own conception of themselves as, merely, the [illegible] a fundamental repression; they have therefore suggested that terrorism can be defeated by removing its "fundamental causes". This presumably means creating a fully just society which, if logically possible, is certainly not a programme for the next year or two. It is perhaps the mass of comment produced by the recapture of Tania Hearst in September which shows this tendency most clearly. "Their inner life", remarks a psychiatrist quoted by *Time* about such terrorists as Miss Hearst, "is one of impoverishment, and everything becomes external to them. Some try to solve problems, some act violently, but they never contemplate their own responsibility. They just play out their impulses on society all over the place." If profundities of this sort are the result of looking for the "deeper causes" of violent behaviour, then we had better get back as smartly as possible to considering what the actors themselves actually say and believe. And in doing this, we have the option of considering these thoughts in the actual utterances of the SLA, the Angry Brigade and their analogues elsewhere, or in what is a highly polished version of them such as is discussed in Raymond Aron's *History and the Dialectic of Violence*.

The ideas of terrorists certainly have a philosophical cast. Consider, for example, a belief found in the Angry Brigade's Communiqué No 7: "Violence does not only exist in the army, the police, and the prisons. It exists in the shoddy alienating culture pushed out by TV, films and magazines, it exists in the ugly sterility of urban life." For ugly sterility, in fact, it is hard to beat the jargon-ridden discourse of the terrorists, but what is significant in this very typical argument is the use of the philosophical device of promoting a limited concept to command the whole of a domain of understanding. Aristotle makes moderation not just one virtue among others, but the key to all virtues; materialists take matter to be not one kind of thing among others in the universe, but the general character of everything, and so on.

The nemesis of this philosophical device is that the distinctions it denies have to be somehow reinstated at a later point, on pain of total implausibility. Materialists have to recognize that minds, even if they are fundamentally matter, are at least a peculiar and distinctive kind of matter, not at all to be confused with sticks and stones. Terrorists, who are adept at the first move in this philosophical game, are unable or unwilling to make the necessary complementary second move. Given their belief that everything is violence, they become incapable of distinguishing a fist in the face from a dull afternoon in the council estate. In a similar manner, the Angry Brigade believed that there is no such thing as a political trial; all trials are political. The result of a continual surrender to these distinction-eroding sophistries is to turn the world into a lifeless waxworks museum, and is possibly the reason why terrorists can kill and maim with impunity. For, having already theorized the life out of the world, there remains nothing very significant to kill.

It is not true, of course, that these or any beliefs necessarily entail terrorist actions. Beliefs are neither innocent nor guilty. But beliefs of a certain kind, suspended in the fluid medium of a character and coming to constitute someone's entire picture of reality, are an indispensable part of the explanation of terrorism, and by attending to such beliefs we preserve the rationality of terrorism in its own terms. Unless we do this, we can only construe it as lunacy, which is neither theoretically plausible nor practically useful.

The judge who presided at the trial of the Angry Brigade said that he was sorry to see "such educated people in your situation. Undoubtedly a warped understanding of sociology has brought you to the state in which you are." It is indeed true that terrorists must be intelligent enough to have a taste for abstract thinking, though not intelligent enough to allow much life to the few abstractions they manage to master. [illegible] and explosive character to Pope's line about a little learning being a dangerous thing. What limits the learning, no doubt, is that nothing must threaten the sense of melodrama which is the immensely satisfying product of ideological adherence. The beliefs of terrorists are chosen and cherished, carefully nourished by repetition and continuous confirmation in small intense groups, groups that resemble peculiarly cohesive families. Terrorists, like illuminati of any sort, do not seriously engage in conversation with those of other opinions. They know the "real" character of existence too well to wish to take the risk of confusion. The last thing they wish is to acquire the conscience of a Hamlet. Beliefs function for them rather as the reading of pornography seems to operate for some rapists: as a focus for the will.

It is, in some ways, unfair to associate the philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre with the crude and primitive beliefs, baby-talk fit to be written with an aerosol can rather than a fountain pen, found in the manifestos of terrorist groups. Sartre thinks in the grand manner and his intellectual stamina is formidable. Nevertheless Sartre's politics, which are revolutionary, and his philosophy which is in some respects expected to nurture the politics, are contingently and closely tied together.

One of Raymond Aron's main concerns in *History and the Dialectic of Violence* is to explore just how closely Sartre's politics and philosophy are yoked. The main title of Aron's book suggests that he is concerned with the grand themes of social inquiry, but any reader likely to be seduced by it should look at the subtitle, and be warned immediately that Aron is concerned only with a close and intricate textural analysis of Sartre's *Critique de la Raison Dialectique*. The theme of violence is but a meagrely nourished mouse born from the mountainous 755 pages of that forbidding work. Aron's book is a work of charity, and in more senses than one. It is charitable towards Sartre, who, though a *petit-camarade* of Aron's in their university days, denounced Aron in 1968 as being unfit to teach in a university because he had opposed the student uprising. Anti-communists, Sartre remarked at that time, are dogs. Aron recognizes that Sartre will not reply to his discussion, indeed probably will not even read it, but feels that, in spite of much that is defective, the importance of the issues raised and the inventiveness of Sartre's philosophical talent justifies him in taking issue with the work. So far as personal relations are concerned, Aron writes (in a special preface for the English edition): "I accept him as he is—even while opposing him indefinitely [*sic*] with reasons he will never be ready to listen to."

Aron's work involves charity in another direction. Many English-speaking readers, he points out, will be irritated by Sartrean jargon, but they should realize that "most philosophers have used and do use a jargon". There is, one might reply, jargon and jargon; the verbal favouritism of a characteristic vocabulary is some distance from constructing an account of the world in terms so ponderous and remote that the reader exhausts himself in trying to construe the words long before he can judge what they might teach him about reality. What cuts deeper is Aron's lament that

> the discipline that more than any other aims at universality seems today devoted to ethnocentrism, at least in the sense that a specific way of writing philosophy appears characteristic of a specific culture or a specific national community.

While accepting Aron's plea for charity, one does not need to go so far as not to recognize that some of the difficulties involved in Sartre's thought, and consequently in Aron's book, result from something very like philosophical incompetence. Why, for example, should any philosophical points about history be stretched on the rack of such a Marxist formula as: "Man makes his own history, but under given conditions." If it's history we are talking about, who else could make it? [illegible]

has anyone ever suggested that human life was unconditional? It is true that any starting-point may lead to genuine philosophical issues, but a tendency to start from imprecise banalities can often lead us towards common sense from such eccentric angles that the obvious looks like a grand discovery. Thus in the wake of a discussion of one of Sartre's more inexplicably famous mots—"Valéry was a petit-bourgeois, but not every petit-bourgeois is a Valéry"—we learn that:

> To understand a particular existing individual, Valéry or Flaubert, it is necessary to reintroduce into a milieu that has been abstractly defined as bourgeois or capitalist multiple mediations, the experience of the child Flaubert, living within *this* bourgeois family, with a mother of a noble family and a father who was the son of a veterinarian.

If this is the sort of discovery philosophers make, they should be given picks and shovels and sent out to do a little useful labour, instead of wasting the time of honest citizens.

Sartre's *Critique* is a dialectical reconstruction of human experience basing itself on man as a biological entity having needs that involve him with "materiality", and leading forward by a succession of "moments" towards an account of man's social and political life. His aim is to exhibit the rational structure of History, conceived not as a plurality of peoples and episodes, but as the single adventure of humankind. This kind of intellectual project derives, of course, from Hegel, who took his own philosophy as (at least a contribution to) the effort of evolving spirit to attain selfconsciousness. Sartre, however, believes that this self-awareness was only attained by Marx: "Marxism is History itself becoming fully self-aware", he writes in the *Critique*. Sartre takes Marxism as the "unsurpassable philosophy" of our time, but believes that it has been vulgarized by those who do not understand it as a dialectic of consciousness. Existentialism's dialectic of consciousness fills (it is claimed) the crucial space left within Marx's grand design; lacking such an understanding many Marxists embrace vulgar doctrines. Alienation, for example, is incomprehensible without a dialectical account of human freedom.

Much of Aron's criticism of Sartre consists of exploring incompatibilities between Existentialism and Marxism. Certainly Sartre's own project (to use a Sartrean term) confronts the reader with special difficulties. In pondering most philosophers, the reader need concern himself only with the cogency of the argument; but here truth and cogency are found at one remove, in the propositions of Marxism. Whatever thoughts Sartre might have are already hobbled by a predetermined conclusion about bourgeois and proletarian locked in the class struggle. Aron's criticism is a further element of these complexities; it is hardly surprising if everything appears through a gloss darkly.

As an exponent of dialectic, Sartre believes that the analytic Reason used in science inevitably misunderstands human affairs because it can only deal with the lifeless externalities of human life. It yields a static world of law and instance, and hence cannot account for the human capacity for development. Only the dialectic can allow to consciousness its proper place in human life. Dialectical Reason is a technique rather like old-fashioned colour reproduction techniques. A picture of reality "on the move", as it were, is constructed by building up, step by step, in logically successive "moments", a set of connected abstractions which taken separately may be contradictory but which can within the completed structure reveal the conflicts of the world in which we live while simultaneously exhibiting the overall coherence that a philosophical understanding must assume to be possible. The inventor and, by some large measure, the most talented exponent of this manner of understanding was Hegel, who fused together the world and our understanding of the world. The many partial and defective understandings of the world such as are thrown up by practical life, understandings that respond helplessly to changing circumstances, [illegible]

[illegible] philosophy put together in such a way as to become the integral fragments of a harmonious [illegible] evolving in time.

But what if we abandon the philosophical presupposition that the world is rationally coherent in favour of the practical presupposition that it isn't yet coherent but will be at some future time when it has worked itself out, or perhaps when we have had a chance to *make* it rationally coherent? It was, of course, Marx who took this momentous step and, like a referee in a football game, allowed the dialectic more time to play itself out. He argued that the harmony promised for this future time would be not only the rational reconciliation possible only in the head of the philosopher, but a real condition of society in which people would actually live harmoniously. "Marx's originality", Sartre wrote early in the *Critique*, "was to establish irrefutably against Hegel that history is a continuing process, that Being cannot be reduced to Knowledge and at the same time to try to preserve dialectical movement both in Being and in Knowledge."

One cannot help noticing the dogmatism of that "irrefutably": indeed, one cannot but feel that the point would hardly have come as news to Hegel himself who is—shall we use the word of the milieu?—*vulgarized* by being "refuted" in this fashion. Like many of Marx's remarks in *The German Ideology* to the effect that philosophers have forgotten that men must eat, it is barely a philosophical remark at all. It is on the level of Dr Johnson's refutation of Berkeley—but Johnson at least had the discretion to indulge such jeux d'esprit only before the reliably adoring Boswell. What Hegel would have made of the Marx-Sartre refutations had he encountered them in a seminar may only be guessed; but there is no doubt that they would have been lucky to get off without some heavy sarcasm on the declining level of students admitted to universities.

Aron's work is a discussion of Sartre as a Marxist dialectician, and what strikes him most strongly is the Cartesian flavour that Sartre imparted to dialectical method as it crossed the Rhine. "*Probably for the first time*", Aron not only quotes but also italicizes, "*a philosopher discovers the dialectic in Descartes*." As Sartre uses the technique, man's initial dialectical relations are those relating his biological character with his material environment. The biological need of an organism is a "negation" which is then "negated" by involvement with materiality. In other words, we need to eat. This is, Aron sardonically observes, "a matter of translating the structure of the dialectic itself into biological language"; he continues:

> Why does need appear as the negation of the negation? To the extent that we have understood the argument, need reveals a lack, a gap in the organic totality and this negation can be negated in turn by inorganic, material elements.

The dialectic appears here as a kind of philosophical sauce poured over a conventional description of the way biological entities operate. The point of this re-description appears to be one of permitting the smooth introduction of the concept of praxis and thus to establish, in Marxist language, a kind of logic of labour linking human endeavour and social life. "A man in need", Sartre writes, "is an organic totality who perpetually turns himself into his own tool in the external environment." The ancestry of such an argument, as Aron suggests, is essentially Cartesian; but it is not in this respect remote from Marx, in whom the Cartesian distinction between consciousness and matter appears as the distinction between physical and intellectual labour.

The Sartrean scheme, Aron tells us, "goes from individual paradise (the freedom of translucent consciousness), which is both lost and preserved, to another paradise, the paradise of the project. It passes into this collective paradise by way of the fall into the practico-inert, or History." What does Sartre mean by this? The best way of grasping it is by way of a fall into one of Sartre's more famous concrete images, in which the philosopher looks out of his window:

> The field of the practico-inert exists. In sum, it surrounds us and conditions us. I have only to glance out of the window where I will see cars that are cars, cars whose drivers are men, a municipal policeman on the corner directing traffic and farther along an automatic timer regulating the same traffic with red and green lights. *A hundred exigencies* ascend from the earth towards me; pedestrian crossings, notices telling me to do this and forbidding me to do that. There are collectives: the branch of the Crédit Lyonnais, a café, a church, an apartment block; and there is a visible seriality as well; men making a queue in front of a store, instruments proclaiming in their stiff frozen voices the way in which they are to be used as pavements, roads, taxi stands, bus stops, etc. . . . A little later I will go down into the street and be *their thing*. I will buy this collective, a newspaper, and the whole practico-inert that besieges and specifies me will suddenly be discovered *on the basis of* the whole field, that is, the entire Earth . . . as the Elsewhere of every Elsewhere, or the series of all the series of series.

This is the vision of the world that led the Situationists of Strasbourg in the mid-1960s to proclaim that the revolution would be a festival: an overturning of routines by joyous spontaneity. Sartre's argument is that man's essential freedom issues in the construction of an organized and mechanical world which inevitably limits that very freedom. Man who is dialectically the active initiator of projects in a material world becomes historically the passive victim of the signs, meanings, machines, procedures, etc, of other men. This is what Sartre means by the fall into the practico-inert; it is, as Aron says, the world we live in; and the fundamental mistake of both practical understanding and of the social sciences, in so far as they have not been illuminated by the dialectic, is one of taking the practico-inert to be reality itself, without understanding the postulates of freedom by which that limited world has been generated. Science can see only the mind-forged manacles without the hands they hobble.

The taking of an urban guerrilla, 1892: "Ravachol, alias Leon Leger, anarchist expropriator, was arrested in Paris at the Very Restaurant, 22 Boulevard Magenta, for having blown up the homes of Benoit, the judge of the Supreme Court of Appeal, and Bulot, the deputy prosecutor of the republic." One of Flavio Costantini's stylized drawings for The Art of Anarchy *(52pp. Cienfuegos Press. £3).*

Sartre's criticism even takes in people whom he calls vulgar Marxists, and who do not realize that the Marxist concept of alienation does not make sense except against the backdrop of freedom as revealed by dialectical Reason.

The striking thing about the concept of the practico-inert is that it is an idea entirely dependent upon one possible attitude that we might (but need not) have to the everyday doings of human beings. The infinite variety of occupations in which human beings pass their lives, sadly or happily, are all equally interpreted in this solemn and strange fashion. "Banality of hell, or hell of banality?" Aron asks, parodying the famous Sartrean formula. "Why this grotesque or monstrous transfiguration of our everyday world?" He does not find a philosophical answer, but he does suggest that Sartre's philosophy is at the mercy of his politics: the practico-inert is simply that which justifies violence and revolution.

Sartre's elaboration of the idea of the practico-inert involves a distinction between a series, which is any collection of human beings each of whom is isolated within his own thoughts and actions, and a group, in which men combine into a common project. Most of us poor devils are trapped within series, and we only regain our original freedom when we come together and set off to storm some Bastille. To say this is barely to parody Sartre's meaning, for it is a philosophy which can hardly be developed with a straight and solemn face. The Sartre who in earlier days produced many brilliant works of fiction has changed his character. He appears to think of himself as a philosopher who has in his time tossed off works of fiction. Anyone who has enjoyed his writings is tempted to reverse this judgment: a literary talent has succumbed to a most appalling attack of *furor philosophicus*.

Sartre's group is exemplified by the crowd that stormed the Bastille. Such a crowd has "or better, is a common praxis; it seeks the same goal, vibrates with the same emotions, and acts with the same heart", Aron tells us. Men throw down the tools and meanings that constitute their enslavement and unite together in regaining their freedom. In doing so, they do not abandon their fundamental Sartrean solitariness. The individuals in a group do not fuse, but rather unify, as it were, their praxes in developing a common project. It is action, and action alone, that can constitute a *we* out of an *I*.

But such moments of general spontaneity are evidently themselves isolated and likely to revert rapidly to the conditions of the practico-inert. As Aron expresses the doctrine: "My freedom obliges me to dread my own treason and prevents me from binding myself except by an oath that authorizes others to castigate me in case of desertion." Sartre's doctrine of the oath (*le serment*) as the only legitimate cement of individuals into a group is a passage of social contract political thought embedded in the middle of his dialectic. It has reminded Maurice Cranston of Hobbes (the move from seriality to group being remarkably akin to state of nature being transformed into civil society) and it reminds Aron of Rousseau. Since the group is sustained by terror, one might well also invoke Machiavelli with his theory of a continuous renovation of state power. But the doctrine is also close to the practical thoughts of revolutionaries themselves. Thus Angela Davis in *An Autobiography* writes at one point:

> It was good to feel part of a movement and once again be participating in rallies, teach-ins, demonstrations. But when the crisis was over, things settled back into their old grooves.

But then Miss Davis is a straightforward Communist and does not seek to release herself from the dread clutch of the practico-inert by a community of instant violence. Other revolutionaries, the SLA, the Bader-Meinhof gang, found more spirited ways of fending off the relapse back into everyday life.

It might well seem to an averagely critical reader that Sartre's groups have merely substituted one form of enslavement for another: liberated from the practico-inert, they have merely fallen prey to the oath. Sartre's answer to this depends upon his distinction between active passivity and passive activity, and this distinction would seem to exhibit the entirely arbitrary fluidity of the dialectical manner of reasoning itself. In taking the oath, in Sartre's view I am actively and freely embracing a certain sort of passivity, and hence am "actively passive". But when I queue for a bus, or listen to a radio programme (typically serial activities within the practico-inert) I am being "passively active", for while the surface of my behaviour is active, it is the result of "extero-conditioning", and represents the enslaved condition of the practico-inert. As every logician knows, the presence of two contradictory propositions in an argument allows *any* proposition to be derived; and the contrast between the actively passive and the passively active allows, even at a formal level,

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for anything to be classified in either of these ways.

The difficulty is compounded, of course, by the sheer vagueness of the terms "active" and "passive" themselves. The revolutionary students who made the "events" of 1968 argued that sitting in lectures was merely passive, while marching in protest was active. Yet the person who thinks about what he is hearing in a lecture is arguably much moro active than the participant in so mechanical an activity as marching behind banners shouting slogans. The dialectic emerges from Sartre's "baroque monument, overwhelming and almost monstrous" (as Aron calls it) as a virtual engine for guaranteeing a double standard in terms of whatever doubleness a reader may wish to assert. In this, at least, it has a genuinely philosophical remoteness from direct advocacy.

Why, one may ask, does the group have to be a violent revolutionary crowd? Aron discusses the football team as a group which would seem to be no less united in virtue of a shared project and a common praxis. No doubt Sartre would reply that these groups are generated from within the practico-inert, and that the discovery of free commonality is only possible in a group which directly attacks the roots of seriality. But such an answer depends upon accepting all of the details of Sartre's intellectual construction. The arbitrariness of the dialectic would clearly permit, with the slightest of variations, versions of the theory that would advance fascist or militarist experience as the apotheosis of freedom. Aron's central criticism is, in fact, that Sartre's philosophy is attached to its supposed political consequences by the slightest of logical threads. There's a smell of Action Française about this French theory of action.

Sartre's groups are characterized in terms of inevitable violence, which appears to be entailed by the actively repressive character of the practico-inert. This is Sartre's version of the familiar Marxist argument that the ruling class will not give up their privileges without a struggle. But whereas in Marx the concern with violence is mostly a concession to what he believes to be realism, in Sartre it is espoused with a gusto that recalls his syndicalist predecessor Georges Sorel who became, it will be remembered, as much the generator of fascist as of socialist violence.

Proletarian violence, Sorel wrote in *Reflections on Violence*, expresses the spirit of the class struggle pure and simple. It appears as something beautiful and heroic, and is contrasted with the cunning bourgeois ruses of parliamentarianism in which the real conflicts within society are evaded and allowed to evaporate in talk. As Aron puts it: "The theory of the group contains a kind of foundation or transcendental deduction of a philosophy of violence at the same time as the class struggle in the Marxist sense." Later, summing up his comments on Sartre's thought, he writes:

> For a long time I have reproached Sartre for endowing with philosophical dignity his political opinions, his verbal taste for Revolution, his indulgence for crimes committed in the name of good ideas (revolutionary ideas), his severity for crimes committed in the name of bad ones, and in short, for laying the philosophical foundations for the conscious and voluntary choice of the attitude of "double standard".

He goes on, however, to a partial recantation, suggesting that "in contrast to the fascist philosophies of violence, Sartre's philosophy has humanity as its horizon". But humanity on the horizon is compatible with many dead on the ground.

Sartre's account of violence might be said to fail, paradoxically, because it is incapable of explaining non-violence except as a stupid failure to understand the human situation. The world is divided between (on the one side) Marxists and active proletarian revolutionaries, and (on the other side) more or less willing victims of the practico-inert. What divides them is illumination, or, to use the current jargon, higher and lower consciousness. Violence is the right of the illuminated; indeed, it might also be seen as their duty.

What this means is that Sartre has brought dramatically to the surface the gnostic and antinomian elements always implicit in Marxist thought. Man's original freedom, as revealed by dialectical Reason, is the spark or spirit that is imprisoned until the moment of revolutionary salvation, within the systematically frustrating prison of what is understood, for philosophical purposes, as the practico-inert and, for practical political purposes, as the capitalist system. To theorize this debased condition as if it were the totality of human life is to accept the prison as being the inevitable human condition. Analytical Reason, the scientific apparatus of the social sciences, serves merely to obscure the moral dimension of human life which the dialectic reveals, and in revealing, opens up to human exploration and development. The dialectic allows us to awake from the nightmare of History.

The SLA tried to wake mankind from the nightmare of History by violence and publicity. The beliefs they held, though not elaborated with any intellectual vitality, are remarkably similar to Sartre's. Thus Emily Harris, alias Yolande, who was one of the SLA rump captured with Miss Hearst in September, has a version of seriality which runs: "The military-industrial state of the ruling class . . . must make people feel isolated from each other and powerless." The doctrine of violence takes the following form:

> By revolution we mean the violent fight for freedom—freedom that can be gained in no other way than fighting. . . . We must face the inevitable truth that repression will grow more intense as the power-hungry pigs see their grip slipping.

Sartre would no doubt blink delicately at the notion of freedom as something one "fights for" rather than exercises, but his account of a fraternity of terror ready to shoot down anyone thought to be an enemy of the people, and freely issuing death warrants against former associates suspected of treachery, has leapt from the pages of the *Critique* on to the streets and lodging-houses of California.

In one respect, they tend to outdo him. We have noted that there is a strong gnostic element in his thought, but it is controlled by a reasonably straightforward recognition of moral dilemmas. Does not Hoederer say in *Les Mains sales!* "Moi, j'ai les mains sales. Jusqu'aux coudes. Je les ai plongées dans la merde et dans le sang"? The SLA took the next step. After six members of the group had been killed in a shootout with the police, the handful of survivors recorded tapes in tribute to them. Bill Harris recorded that "Cin (Donald de Freeze) was the baddest member of the SLA and therefore our leader" and Tania Hearst (as she then was) said that Fahizah (Nancy Ling Perry) "was wise and bad, and I'll always love her".

It is perhaps significant here to juxtapose an incident recorded by Gordon Carr in his *The Angry Brigade*, a lucid account of the complicated doings of the organization which the subtitle describes as "Britain's first urban guerrilla group". Mr Carr records that the police were shocked by the mode of life of the communards whose premises they raided:

> In one place they raided, there was no wall round the lavatory. As the detectives were sifting through books and papers in the flat, one of the girls living there sat on the lavatory pan and began to "crap".

This leads Mr Carr to a rare moment of facile interpretation where he characterizes the police as accepting "the values that society expected them to uphold" and finding the communards "incomprehensible". What is clear is that the impetus of this whole line of thought is towards an almost precise reversal of all moral judgments and practices, comparable to that of the early Christian Ophites who, believing the Creation evil, took the serpent as a bringer of illumination into the Garden of Eden, and reversed the moral judgments of the Old Testament.

It is alarming to think that one's life, limbs, and belongings may depend upon the shuffling and reshuffling of abstract propositions in the heads of a few not particularly talented young people. It is even more alarming when one considers their practical incompetence and the volatility of the materials they use. David Boulton, who focuses his detailed narrative of the SLA around Patty Hearst, recounts how the members of the group, deciding to show that gun power was the proper way to revolution, took up a local schools issue and decided to shoot Dr Marcus Foster, a black, who was superintendent of schools. Responding to complaints of neighbourhood violence, Foster had actually consulted the children. They told him the violence was attributable to outsiders. He suggested that the children be equipped with identity passes. The proposal stirred up a hornets' nest of objections. It was compared to the pass laws in South Africa and the unfortunate Foster was widely accused of being an Uncle Tom and a white nigger. He withdrew the proposal, but understandably enough he didn't bother to tell the SLA. He didn't even know they existed. After one mistake in which they nearly killed a different Foster, they shot him and his assistant in a school playground as he left a meeting.

It is equally striking that this hole-in-corner operation was publicly attributed to something called the "Western Regional Youth Unit of the SLA". A "Court of the People" was said to have found Foster guilty as a "Nixon police agent . . . assisting in genocide against blacks". The handouts of the organization refer to a variety of Units, Divisions and Titles, all entirely imaginary, and comparable only to the worldwide conspiracy of small separate groups fabricated by Peter Verkhovensky in Dostoevsky's novel *The Devils*. Donald de Freeze, the ex-FBI informer and ex-convict who led the group, called himself a Field Marshal.

This kind of behaviour is, indeed, very close to the delusions of outright lunacy, but it should perhaps be seen in connexion with the inordinate thirst such organizations have for publicity. Complaints about the horrors of the capitalist press are usually complaints that revolutionaries have not been given enough attention, and that their own view of their own significance has not been taken at its face value. One of the early escapades of the Angry Brigade was to shoot a few bullets at the windows of the Spanish Embassy. Only one actually hit the embassy, doing no damage, and not being found until a couple of days later by cleaners. The Brigade sent a communiqué to the *International Times* saying: "Brothers and sisters we expect the news of the machine gunning of the Spanish Embassy to be suppressed by the bourgeois press . . . ." There is a sense in which terrorism is part of the endless bidding for attention of which much social life is composed. But it is ideological theories which allow any tiny group of people to set themselves up as speaking for the People, the Proletariat, Women, or the Oppressed, and which provide the beliefs necessary to this kind of imposture.

Fortunately, perhaps, the beliefs and behaviour of the SLA were widely regarded as infantile leftism. As one revolutionary activist quoted by David Boulton in *The Making of Tania Hearst* remarked:

> Romantics are a dime a dozen. Berkeley politics are so divorced from reality these days that anybody jerking off in public will be taken for a true revolutionary if he shouts "Power to the People" while he's doing it.

Certainly Angela Davis does not belong to this strange fringe world. She belongs to the solid and serious Communist Party and her profession is that of philosopher. Her *Autobiography* is by no means an unsympathetic document, and tells a straightforward story of an intelligent black girl growing up with a full and unpleasant awareness of racial insolerance, and moving into left-wing and academic circles as if it were the most natural progression in the world. Several of her childhood companions were blown up by white racists in Alabama, and it is clear that she is not one of those who (in the words of Philip Marlowe) "thinks that a gat in the hand means the world by the tail". What she does believe in is the steady building up of revolutionary organizations to a point where they can overthrow the system.

She appears to perceive the world as a succession of posters. Racial strife, wars and poverty can all be traced back to the capitalist system, and it is only because racial enmities are convenient to capitalism that they continue. The cap[…] system has been overthrown in [...] parts of the world, but is ma[...] primarily by American power. [...] is the first bastion of socialis[...] dom in the Americas. One of [...] experiences she describes is a [...] to Cuba, and it would be fo[...] to expect from her the tr[...] a reporter or journalist would[...] She sees what she wants to s[...] mass of joyous people spontane[...] helping to cut sugar-cane and [...] ing vigilante organizations to d[...] their socialist achievement a[...] counter-revolution, led by a [...] Castro who forbids public pic[...] of himself and upsets some p[...] by his modest self-effacement[...] the prison in Havana called C[...] *Liberdad* or the little local di[...] ties that get people locked [...] nothing; no doubt the revo[...] needs to be vigilant again[...] enemies.

Miss Davis is committed, and [...] means that she looks neither to [...] nor (even less likely) right. W[...] she is arrested at the beginni[...] the long ordeal which was to [...] her famous, she has a mome[...] panic at the thought that [...] authorities are going to co[...] her communism as a disease [...] put her in a psychiatric ward. [...] her cell adjoins that of a dem[...] schizophrenic who keeps sh[...] obscene racial remarks, and [...] Davis takes racism to be, [...] simply, a disease. Even wit[...] tranquillity it does not occur [...] to connect up her fears wi[...] Soviet practice of actually p[...] dissenters in mental hospitals. [...] lives in a simple, inspiring [...] righteous world. But then [...] a work of self-justification. [...] autobiographer in her twent[...] likely to reveal what will mak[...] uncomfortable in later life.

Richard Clutterbuck's *Living* [...] *Terrorism* is a useful and co[...] hensive survey of contemp[...] terrorist movements. It is a [...] of information about their [...] distribution, their attitudes a[...] techniques they use. His is [...] tially a practical book and [...] towards a number of useful [...] sensible suggestions about h[...] deal with terrorism. Unlike [...] Wilkinson's *Political Terr*[...] which came out last year, i[...] not concern itself with the hi[...] cal context of urban guerrilla[...] does it have very much to say [...] the beliefs they hold.

Indeed, the book's last s[...] invokes biological metaphors [...] title: "Tackling the Disease" [...] Clutterbuck is concerned [...] "the explosive effect whi[...] Marxist indoctrination can ha[...] certain kinds of immature [...] idealistic personalities, esp[...] on those suffering from perso[...] social inadequacies which [...] them fulfilment in other ways [...] is a not implausible, though [...] a superficial, account of suc[...] sonalities as those in the SL[...] leads Mr Clutterbuck, howev[...] to an alarming suggestion: [...] high percentage of university [...] should be required to work fo[...] years in the outside world in [...] to counteract a doctrinaire [...] revolutionary remoteness fro[...] outside world. Ironically e[...] of course, revolutionary [...] holds that such experience [...] help theorists to improve [...] revolutionary fervour by c[...] with the masses.

In spite of his metaphors an[...] or two odd suggestions, ho[...] Mr Clutterbuck's short and [...] coverage of the problem of [...] ism is a good deal more usefu[...] many more profound works [...] subject. Further, it has som[...] useful in any sort of book, a [...] a hero. Mr Clutterbuck tak[...] attitude of Sir Geoffrey J[...] during his eight months as [...] tive of the Tupamaros as be[...] model of response to the na[...] of terrorist methods. Sir Ge[...] quite simply, kept his head a[...] hibited a sense of humour [...] was not without its effect up[...] captors, most of whom [...] students, as terrorists typicall[...] And the great advantage of a [...] of humour is that it does rec[...] the human and rational al[...] even in people whose c[...] behaviour is entirely monstro[...]

It is by no means unknow[...] kidnap victims to express [...] total dependence on their c[...] by becoming totally sympathe[...] their cause; this seems reas[...] because even the nastiest [...] cannot manage to be nasty [...] the time. Love and hate a[...] stable twins. A sense of hu[...] with its attendant recogniti[...] ironies, allows us to keep at [...] tance from disabling emotion[...] we are all Marxists now, it [...] that we still have at least the [...] of whether to follow K[...] Groucho.

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Oxford University Press

A tale of two cultures

By C.H. Sisson

[...]D FABER:
[...] and English
[...] Faber and Faber. £5.25.

[...] and English—a book about [...]guages perhaps? No, this [...] the French and *the* [...] those who have spoken the [...]ges and lived as foreigners [...] is now France or in Great [...] and their views of one [...]. If the Scots are tucked [...] the English wing, that is [...] the French persist in speaking "les Anglais" when they [...] "les Britanniques", and also [...] for a good part of the [...] covered by this survey [...] was actually under the [...] of the English. The period [...]ly delimited, and "because [...] is too much modern, and too [...]edieval evidence", concen[...] on "the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries". [...] are incursions into the [...] century, with Colonel [...] playing his comic part. [...] André Maurois gets a dozen [...] in the index, George Moore [...] Nancy Mitford and Paul [...] three each. This sets the [...]ttle. There are also references to Pierre Maillaud, Gide, [...] Sartre, Pompidou, Edward [...]lévy, and Cazamian. So [...] is some near-contemporary [...]tion. Richard Faber admits [...] English and Francophile, [...]cellent, if minimal, qualifi[...] for his task. On the [...] of his twentieth-century [...]es it might be thought that "Olympian detachment" he [...] one must suppose, playfully [...] an inclination towards [...] widely acceptable.

[...] are, of course, difficulties [...] the subject-matter of a book [...] kind, as well as about its [...]tion. Richard Faber is well [...] of this. He says that

[...] to give as representa[...] picture of Anglo-French re[...] as I could, I thought it [...] useful to cover a wide can[...] patchily than to work in [...] over a smaller one. Even [...] have barely touched on scien[...] and commercial exchanges [...] very selectively on scholarly and artistic ones. My idea [...] to bring out how the two [...] have viewed each other, [...] types of political, fashion[...] and literary exchange seemed [...]relevant than technical con[...] with less human interest and [...] to more restricted [...]

[...] problem is how any collec[...] ad hoc comments and impres[...] could add up to the view one [...] has of another. Strictly [...], as the author well [...], "peoples" do not [...] one another. Individual travel[...] and students make their obser[...] and are goaded into more [...] venturesome generalizations [...]mentary or more enduring [...], by the embarrassment [...]icular situations, or merely [...] they have been abroad and [...]ected to say something.

[...] rather as if someone had [...] a microphone among the by[...] of several centuries, like a [...] interviewer—who might like[...] that the views he col[...] were "representative", for [...] the touch which, in the late [...] century, cures the King's [...] our opinions and sets us to [...] Yet it is a serious question, [...] "representative" can possibly [...] in relation to the miscellan[...] comments of the, on the whole, [...] travellers who ventured [...] the Channel in one direction [...] other. Who exactly does Mrs [...] speak for—and why does [...] so often?—on "admira[...] Racine and Corneille", "on [...]ture", "on English beauty", [...], "on language", "on [...] in France", "on moral [...]", "and Notre-Dame", [...] gaiety", "on republican[...] these are all entries in the [...] She wrote a book, *Paris and* [...], which was published [...] How does even Hazlitt, [...] solid ranks of his country[...] through the centuries, come to [...] entries—"on the ab[...] of footpaths in Paris", "sees [...] image in the French", [...]pleasant smells in France"? [...] *Notes of a Journey* [...] *France and Italy* (1826).

"*How to astonish the French: an English family in the Tuileries*" *from Thackeray's* Paris Sketch Book.

All these references are opposite in a collection of travellers' impressions, and many of them are amusing enough. But the resulting disproportion, in a survey of less than two hundred pages, which aims at giving an English picture of the French and a French picture of the English, must raise the question whether Mr Faber should not have contented himself with offering a wide canvas patchily covered, and have said nothing about a representative picture of Anglo-French relations. It is not merely that one can ask whether a miscellaneous collection of impressions and comments could add up to anything which could be called the French or English view of another nation. Within the terms of reference the author has given himself, how explain, beside the prominence given to Mrs Trollope, the absence of any mention of so obvious a source as Walter Bagehot's *Letters on the Coup d'Etat of 1851*? No doubt Mrs Trollope was a good voice for the microphone, a *representative* soul, an English lady of the period, and Bagehot was an arrogant young man out to impress people. But Bagehot lived to be the darling of generations of right-thinking Englishmen, and has bamboozled his way down to our own time, so he must have had his representative qualities too. And few glimpses in Mr Faber's peepshow have more vividness than that of Bagehot's sight of those men at the barricades, resembling "the traditional Montagnard, sallow, stern, compressed . . . brooding one-idead thought . . . angry, armed to the teeth . . . gloomy fanatics, *over*-principled ruffians"; and few travellers' shudders have more authenticity than Bagehot's "*I felt* he would rather shoot me than not".

Without too much insistence on the imprudence, not to say impossibility, of drawing any general conclusions from the somewhat chancy evidence adduced, one cannot but wonder whether the method chosen by Mr Faber is likely to advance very much the serious purpose which he evidently had in mind in undertaking this work. The book may be of value to the intelligent tourist from either country, to sharpen his reflections and to take his eyes off Michelin. There, at any rate, is one of the "general publics" the author might be aiming at. But in order to advance a few inches towards the heart of any country other than one's own it is surely more rewarding to follow a different course, and to make some narrower inquiries, in any field in which one's training and experience have made one a qualified observer. Matthew Arnold went to the root of the matter, in a letter to his mother which Mr Faber quotes: "It is good for us to attend to the French, they are so unlike us. . . ." Like and unlike begin to emerge, as one follows one's familiar studies into unfamiliar surroundings.

For what, really, is this business of "French and English" about? It is not a matter of the specific opinions expressed by Voltaire or Mrs Gaskell, or Maurois or the Duke of Wellington, any of whom will have had a thousand contingent reasons for saying what he or she did, when they did. It is not even a matter of what was done, on specific occasions, by people of one country to people of another.

The London mob who, in the mid-eighteenth century, shouted a "barbarous 'monsieur in the mud, huzza!'" were merely enlivening themselves with a sport as innocent as many which are indulged in today; such an incident has nothing at all to do with anything which could be called an English view of the French. To get at the national differences that matter, one has to look not at particular opinions, or particular events, but at *style*. It is this which makes the air seem different at Calais. Even though technology has long been advancing like a steamroller over the work of local hands and heads, something remains in the arrangement of materials and the gestures of the man serving a drink. "Bonjour esprit habillé d'un corps", as René Crevel said. It is the form of this mind, as elusive at least in the collectivity as in the individual, that one is trying to grasp when one looks round a foreign country with wonder or confusion. And it is by "taking notice of things too slight for record"—Hawthorne's phrase—that one in the end seizes what one does. One pursues one's understanding of a particular place; particular habits or arrangements, and particular subjects as far as one can; a vast fringe remains. It is a pity—though understandable enough in a work of this size—that Mr Faber resolved to touch so lightly on scientific and commercial exchanges and even on scholarly and artistic ones, because it is in people's specific labours, where they are working in material they understand, that the differences of treatment, which are the differences of mind and approach, really emerge. And it is in this, as Arnold knew, that the utility of foreign travel, and of foreign studies, consists. For Arnold's remark is not to be taken as an assertion that the French are not quite human, but that they are human in ways which are subtly different, and illuminating in so far as they are different.

It is not an accident that the word "style" has acquired a special significance in relation to the arts, and above all in relation to literature. For it is in the work of art or literature that the mind contains its subject most completely. That is why any serious approach to a foreign country must include a study not only of its language but its literature. The masses of more information which now reaches us from all the countries of the globe have their uses, but for the most part they tell us about kinds of things we know already. The way to the heart of our differences, and so to the definition of ourselves and of other peoples, is more laborious. The vulgar attack on literacy, which has so much support in quarters supposed to be respectable, is for the most part mere impatience, where it is not unscrupulousness or plain stupidity. How tiresome that European countries should differ from one another! How *un*remarkable that the fanatical "Europeans" should include so many who have not the beginnings of an idea what sorts of differences there could be.

Mr Faber recalls "the bias of French foreign policy under General de Gaulle" to "make the obvious point that, in spite of many scotchings, the snake of Anglo-French hostility still enjoys a kind of life". The British failure to understand de Gaulle—to say nothing of Pétain!—shows up brilliantly the opacity of the official mind; one might wish there had been in this book some flicker that would cut through it; but not at all. The first chapter, "Wars and Peaces", could hardly sweep through the centuries more non-committally, or capriciously. At least it suggests we are in for some sober and piecemeal entertainment, if not for much in the way of instruction. And so it is.

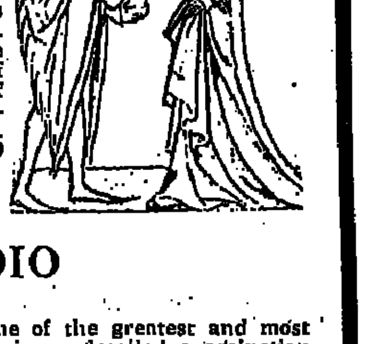
The comments and quotations the book contains include much that is lively, little that is out of the way, and little that cuts very deep. The material is grouped under such chapter headings as "Cocks and Bulldogs" (the conventional figures of fun who have passed as national types); "Travellers"; "Exiles", and "The Glass of Fashion". The final chapter is headed "More and less Cordial", which suggests the moderation—and the unimportance—of the conclusions.

It is unfair for a reviewer to hanker after a different type of book altogether. Yet there will be few readers of this one, among those who really care about France and her civilization, who will put the book down without wishing that the author's *esprit* had really begun to mount one or other of the *escaliers* which are here momentarily to be caught sight of. Perhaps that is its justification. There is an immense field for Anglo-French studies, not only the academic ones. "L'Angleterre se met à ressembler aux autres pays", as Sorel said more than sixty years ago. France too. But a residuum of difference remains, protected in the two languages, and happily eludes final capture.

Φ PHAIDON

NOBLE LOVERS

D. D. R. OWEN



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Exotic blossoms from Naples

By Allan Braham

ANTHONY BLUNT:
Neapolitan Baroque and Rococo Architecture
223pp and 300 plates. Zwemmer. £30.

"The architecture of Naples is like its inhabitants: lively, colourful, and with a tendency not to keep to the rules, or rather, to have its own rules, which are not those of other cities or other countries." With this disarming challenge Anthony Blunt begins his *Neapolitan Baroque and Rococo Architecture*, a survey most handsomely produced as one of the larger volumes in Zwemmer's Studies in Architecture series, and as handsomely illustrated with photographs taken especially for the book by Tim Benton. No vintage cars or trams are visible passing by the churches, any more than vintage attributions are admitted in the text.

For though it was originally planned to be a very general survey on the lines of the same author's *Sicilian Baroque*, as we are told in the preface, the book became of necessity more ambitious in scope, so many were the new discoveries made as the work progressed. Stress is here modestly placed upon a careful reading of early sources, Celano and De Dominici, and upon the more recent publication of documents by local scholars which had awaited proper elucidation. This then is a book of the greatest importance for the extraordinarily wide range of its learning, while it also attempts that most difficult compromise of being at the same time a general introduction to the subject.

The Baroque art of southern Italy has for long been popular with English travellers and writers. The very antidote to well-bred English constraints, it is indeed an architecture with rules of its own; prolific and often shabby, free of overmuch professional inhibition, by turns wildly casual or deeply imaginative, it has inevitably entranced the summer visitor but daunted the professional historian. Naples itself has not, however, been entirely neglected in architectural literature: there are the books of Roberto Pane (though they are held to be unreliable), and at the opposite extreme the condensed (even evaporated, it might be felt at times) passages spared for art outside Rome in the relevant Pelican History of Art volume.

The main lines of the story are thus well enough known: the sober innovations of Fra Fabrizio Grimaldi in the early seventeenth century; the advent of Cosimo Fanzago and the blossoming, almost literally, of a decorative style that was pursued until the last years of the century; the complementary achievements of Domenico Antonio Vaccaro and Ferdinando Sanfelice during the Austrian occupation of Naples in the early eighteenth century; and finally the importation of Ferdinando Fuga and Luigi Vanvitelli to serve the newly established Bourbon dynasty.

Inevitably a general picture that is largely similar emerges from this new account of Neapolitan architecture, but one that is significantly modified in detail. We learn of the materials that Neapolitan architects had at their disposal, the native *piperno* (pozzuoli stone) used in juxtaposition with white stucco, and of the marbles that made up their patterned inlays. A coloured frontispiece shows one of Fanzago's most elaborate, autumnal flower arrangements, an expression of the taste that also accounted for many of the finest still-life paintings of the Seicento.

We learn of the development of Naples as a city in the seventeenth century: the acute overcrowding within the old fortifications following the proliferation of the religious orders and the influx of the landed aristocracy and their tenantry. Then there are the successive stages of Spanish, Austrian and Bourbon patronage, reflected in the character of the architecture, both official and private. The isolation of certain themes endemic to the architecture of Naples—the special treatment required for projecting porticoes with steps, for concealed choirs, for altars—while subtly illuminating in itself, also provides a welcome coherence to the story as the greater and the lesser architects are passed in review.

Perhaps the most unexpected revelation of the whole book is the high standard that many of these less well-known architects attained, especially the two (as it now appears) Nauclerios, adherents of Fanzago but unmistakably later than he, Giuseppe Sanmartino, who is bracketed with Vaccaro, and Mario Gioffredo, the architect of some of the very earliest column and lintel churches (Spirito Santo, begun in 1757), who is discussed in the final chapter.

The three heroes of the book emerge in due course, each commanding a chapter and each creating his own problems of presentation, with appendixes devoted to Fanzago (works wrongly or doubtfully attributed to) and Sanfelice (the identification of his buildings). The work of Fanzago is indeed cleared of many doubtful accretions (including the former cornerstone of his architectural career, Sta Maria Egiziaca), yet he remains (may it be said?) a reassuringly elusive figure, more artist than historical phenomenon, with the grandly picturesque palace of Donn'Anna and the severely elegant portico of Sta Maria della Sapienza still unreconciled with the exuberance of his decoration (the style that gives rise to the splendidly evocative word "Fanzaghesque").

Vaccaro and Sanfelice afford fewer scholarly surprises, but amply reward the extensive treatment that is accorded to them here, pending the monographs that they so evidently deserve. The church architecture of Vaccaro is not isolated from his remarkable achievements in other departments—the gardens of the Chiostro delle Clarisse and the palace designs, especially the surviving Palazzo Abbaziale de Loreto, which for its decoration is surely one of the outstanding monuments of the Italian Rococo. Sanfelice too is considered at length not only for his idiosyncratic staircases, but as a prolific designer of temporary decorations and of some of the most elegant ecclesiastical interiors of the period.

To fault this account of Neapolitan architecture it would have to be said that the infectious enthusiasm of its scholarship comes into conflict at times with the more general purpose of the book, and here a catalogue of artists could have eased the situation. The enormous range of buildings covered (sometimes discussed at length but not illustrated, occasionally lacking a reference to the relevant plate), and the analysis of so many specialized "problems", may discourage the reader who wishes to enjoy Neapolitan architecture through a selection of masterpieces discussed in a more leisurely and varied fashion. The provision of maps would have made it that much easier to visualize the topographical relationship between important buildings.

Especially in the introduction, covering Renaissance Naples, and in the final chapter, where developments after 1750 are considered, a more selective approach might have been preferred. Fuga and Vanvitelli in particular, neither "Baroque" nor "Neoclassical", and not isolated geniuses as was Gabriel in France (though perhaps livelier than he), are of a generation that seems to have received only summary justice, mainly from the want of a suitable stylistic adjective. If a period of transition can give rise to buildings as great as theirs, a far looser ultment to dehumanized categ of style is surely long overdue?

So far from showing a con inconsistency of manner, Fuga's swerving devotion to the trad of his native Rome appears ev the remarkable external staircase provided for the Palazzo della sultà; this is in fact closer design made by his predece Carlo Fontana, for a granary ing, than to any of the staircases Sanfelice—an instance of that eighteenth-century genius for triving a masterpiece from a commonplace source. May not felice too have found part of inspiration in a vernacular trad of even makeshift staircases th scarcely remembered, just "back-stair" subject-matter wa troduced at this time into Neapolitan drawing-room in paintings of Gaspare Traversi?

Now that the early eighteen century in Italy is at last being quately recognized for the perf ance of its architects (so long shadowed by their foreign con poraries who have always suff less by competition from the an undertaking that seems inc ingly needed is a detailed stud Roman architecture in the years lowing the death of Bernini. very notion of a Roman Rococo be architecturally repugnant, how securely can the wider ground of Vaccaro and Sanfe not to mention the architects northern Italy, be understood in absence of a fuller record of de opments at the Papal capital? would indeed be fortunate if such another book as this might day enlighten a subject that se equally complex and obscure.

The Palazzo Abbaziale de Loreto at Avellino (1734-49) by Domenico Antonio Vaccaro. One of the photographs taken by Tim Benton for Neapolitan Baroque and Rococo Architecture.

Gentle flowers from Florence

By Martin Hopkinson

SUSAN REGAN McKILLOP:
Franciabigio
322pp and 112 illustrations. University of California Press. £23.

Franciabigio's name is not well known outside specialists in the field of Florentine sixteenth-century painting. And so the question immediately arises as to whether yet another hefty volume developed out of a PhD thesis on a relatively minor figure deserves reviewing space. The answer is most emphatically "yes". Both painter and book should reward readers far beyond the inner circle of art historians.

One of the many fascinating aspects of Florence in the early sixteenth century, in that brief period between the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent and the final fall of the Republic, is the continued flourishing of artistic talent. Although the centre of artistic patronage had shifted to Papal Rome and the greatest artists of the period, Leonardo, Raphael and Michelangelo, were only fleetingly present in Florence, painting still thrived there, and the high standards of the Quattrocento were maintained. Franciabigio, the subject of Susan Regan McKillop's study, was one of the most interesting of the large group of competent practitioners of the art of painting in the first thirty years of the sixteenth century. This is the first time that a book has been devoted to his career and his art.

Franciabigio was an almost exact contemporary of Raphael and Andrea del Sarto, one year younger than the former, two years older than the latter. Naturally his art was overshadowed and affected by that of his greater contemporaries, but Dr McKillop convincingly demonstrates that it was much more than just a pale reflection of their work. She could perhaps have developed the theme more strongly of how Franciabigio's intelligent appreciation and adaptation of works by Venetian and other artists in Rome contrast with the incomplete understanding of some of his Florentine colleagues, which led to quotations that lost their purpose and meaning in their new setting. Undoubtedly Franciabigio's greatest success was in the field of portraiture. His portraits are highly individual, combining convincing likenesses with an air of "gentle melancholy", a stark contrast with the style of his main rival in this field, Ridolfo Ghirlandaio, who takes the fifteenth-century tradition of portraiture as a record to its ultimate with his ultra-realistic description of the skin, wrinkle by wrinkle. Both styles were peculiarly their own and aesthetically satisfactory alternatives.

Dr McKillop, following the admirable precedent of John Shearman's *Andrea del Sarto*, devotes opening chapter to a picture of character of Franciabigio as reve by his biography, from the evide of contemporary documents and Vasari's life. A particularly wel innovation is the series of de from engraved maps of Flor which are used to identify artist's home, his studio and location of a number of his c missions. She shows that paym for Franciabigio's earliest wo painted for the brotherhood of church immediately opposite family home, consisted of cr against the family rent, and that continued to perform menial like painting candles for his church throughout his car Vasari, who for the bulk of career served courtly patrons, mi sneer, but local connexions and alties meant considerably more the early years of the century, the fifteenth-century tradition of artist as craftsman rather than of genius was still strong.

Dr McKillop's style is simple straightforward and refreshi free from ill-defined art-histor jargon that too often obscures ra than enlightens. Nor does scholarly straightforwardness m for dullness or insipidity, for book is full of acute observation felicitous analysis. It is only a that for £23 her publishers co not have done better than the ra murky plates, which freque obscure the delicate nuances to found particularly in Franciabigi portraits.

e byways of Baroque

seph Rykwert

WITTKOWER:
in the Italian Baroque
cluding 357 illustrations.
and Hudson. £12.50.

st instalment of Rudolf r's papers—the second or ccording to how one records s numbers—may be treated ntly by his many admirers, t deals with matters inci to the bulk of his work: to books on Bernini: *Die ngen des Gianlorenzo* of 1931, the *Gianlorenzo the Sculptor of the Baroque* of 1955, and, more t, the masterly volume in an History of Art, on *Art hitecture in Italy 1600-1750*. books did not have ct of his *Architecture in of Humanism*, which first d in 1952 and made his miliar not only to historians Renaissance, but also to four generations of archi but for sheer bulk the baro ks outweigh it decidedly.

uld be all too easy to set this k aside complacently, there as an adjunct of the major s essays whose conclusions eady incorporated in them. ch complacency is totally ified. The essays explore by nd as each byway is investi an aspect of the major work ght into sharper focus.

he fifteen essays, four deal bjects related to Bernini; with Piedmontese Baroque; three with Piranesi (who nly the briefest appearance Pelican History). The other e devoted to Carlo Rainaldi, da Cortona, the church of Maria della Salute in Venice, short sketch of Borromini's ng character. They cover a from 1935 (Pietro da Cortona) until Wittkower's death (the unpublished paper on Piranesi and Egyptomania).

Inevitably, they are not all of the same quality. The very first paper, on Carlo Rainaldi—dating from 1937—is perhaps the weakest. Rainaldi, it must be said, is a puzzling and infuriatingly uneven architect. It is really difficult to understand how the same person could have designed the appallingly gauche scheme for the Louvre about the same time as he was working on the breathtakingly beautiful and very individual interiors of Sta Maria in Campitelli; the derivative and cumbersome façade in turn does not live up to the beauty of the interior. Here is a case where reference to the summary of Wittkower's thinking on the two Rainaldis in his Pelican book is essential to make sense of the confusing material.

Chronology has decided the placing of the least appetizing paper at the beginning of the book. But as soon as Wittkower approaches Bernini, his tone changes. Again, the opening paper, on the third and unexecuted arm of the St Peter's colonnade, is perhaps the weakest of the four. The discussion of a counter-project to Bernini's, which first appeared in 1939-40, is important, particularly as some of the drawings for this anti-Berninian project turn up in relatively important publications attributed to Bernini himself, an attribution which displays a profound misunderstanding of Bernini's true aim. The melancholy and partisan account of the great equestrian statue of Louis XIV (which had been so maltreated by its subject) is particularly good on the *concetto* which animated it and which was to have a great influence in spite of the damage done to the statue itself. But the most fascinating and revealing of the four essays seems to me to be the last brief paper on the unity of method in Poussin and Bernini: two artists who are so often opposed, and who yet are known to have admired each other, however reluctantly.

The paper devoted to Sta Maria della Salute is again an important one; published in 1963, it is one of the longest in the book and one of the most subtle. The analysis of that all too familiar but also very puzzling building is conducted with an enviable, almost surgical skill, and in particular the reader is grateful for the decomposition of the structure into its constituent elements and modular units, while the way in which Longhena uses proportions is clearly distinguished from that of his great master Palladio, though more might have been said about the way in which Palladio was mediated for Longhena by the ubiquitous and unlovable Scamozzi.

The essay on Borromini's life and character is too brief to be very illuminating, though it adds several unfamiliar elements to the already contradictory and puzzling biography of the master. Of the Torinese essays, the two on Vittone are the most considerable, particularly that on Vittone's domes. It is in a way unfortunate that Wittkower saw Vittone as the last of the true Italian Trattatisti before the onset of Neoclassicism, the man who splendidly closed the tradition which had begun equally splendidly with Brunelleschi and Alberti.

This is a symmetry which puts the last essays on Piranesi (Vittone's junior by fifteen years) outside the scope of the book. But then Piranesi is notoriously difficult to fit into the standard categories. He is equally Baroque, Rococo and Neoclassical, and yet really none of these things. The two papers on Piranesi as working architect and architectural theorist do not quite explain his practice in terms of his theory, but that is—in part at least—Piranesi's fault, rather than Wittkower's; they are as original as anything in the book.

No one interested in its subject-matter can plead familiarity with Wittkower's major works as an excuse for not reading this book closely; it is, incidentally, a slight improvement on its two predecessors in terms of production.

e surreal McCoy

zabeth Cowling

MMACHER:
cluding 48 illustrations.
nd Hudson. £10.50.

he quality of the forty-eight plates is higher than in most monographs on Magritte, it he more a pity that the works Hammacher has chosen to e in colour in his *Magritte* a selection that is neither balanced and representative herently idiosyncratic. At tance, the inclusion of a of relatively undistinguished s and little known oils and sion of such acknowledged ces as "La trahison des "L'évidence éternelle" le viol" might lead one to that it was Professor Ham policy not to illustrate ll-known works. Yet this can been the case, because very familiar works do Nor can the choice of plates claim to provide a of Magritte's development: are no pre-Surrealist paint no paintings from the lly fertile period of 1930 to t ten from the years 1937; and of the four plates to the 1940s, not one is ative of the two crucial eds which make that period of the most enigmatic and ing of Magritte's career— ears 1943 to 1946, when he a Renoiresque manner, and months in 1947-48 when he ed "Fauvism".

works in these styles are, cer unpopular with both collec the general public, but no student of Magritte is justi ignoring them. Professor macher's only references to are two crass paragraphs in biographical outline. By this he indicates an unwilling to face up to the major artistic of Magritte's middle age—a crisis that raises many questions about his aims, his attitude to style as such and his personality. Instead, Professor Hammacher devotes text and illustration space to such peripheral questions as the Knokke Casino murals and the eight posthumously cast sculptures.

The text is anything but authoritative or reliable. Inaccuracies abound. Had Professor Hammacher studied the catalogues of early exhibitions, he could have been precise about, for example, the moment when Magritte first introduced words into his paintings: a catalogue of January 1928, where two word-paintings are listed, implies that the first such paintings must date from the autumn of 1927, not "about 1928" or "1927 to 1930". "In memoriam Mack Sennett" (wrongly called "Hommage à Mack Sennett") was painted in 1936 or early 1937, not 1934; the version of "La magie noire" which is illustrated belongs to about 1945, not 1935. Magritte's commercial designs for furriers' catalogues were done in 1926 and 1927, not 1922, and his advertising work was not confined to the 1920s. Achille Chavée and Marcel Mariën did not join the Belgian Surrealist group in the period 1925 to 1930, but in about 1934 and 1938 respectively.

More general statements are often grossly oversimplified. For example, it is not always true that "in Magritte's titles there is nothing to be understood—at least, not in the classical manner". Sometimes, the title actually helps the spectator to read the image and grasp some of the associations it had for Magritte: thus, a large number of toy-like houses jumbled together to form a huge semi-circular heap is given the wittily appropriate title, "La poitrine".

Although Professor Hammacher goes into some detail about the poetic value of the titles and Magritte's habit of enlisting the help of his friends in the search for titles, he seems unaware that there was a guiding principle that determined the final choice. Letters between Magritte and his friends in which titles are discussed make it clear that every title had to have a real relationship to its image, however secret that relationship might be; it was selected by means of a process of free association inspired by the image, and titles which were too arbitrary or suggested the wrong associations were rejected.

In the discussion of "Les chasseurs au bord de la nuit", Professor Hammacher comments that "claustrophobia is not predominant in Magritte's work". But Magritte constantly evokes claustrophobia in, for instance, his images of rooms bursting with oversized objects, of heads swathed in cloths, of sections of the body crammed into frames, of figures lying in coffin-like boxes or metamorphosed into actual coffins, and in his frequent use of a shallow perspective that throws the image up threateningly on to the picture surface.

Professor Hammacher's text fails to deal lucidly or conclusively with the question of Magritte's relationship to other Surrealist artists, and, in general, he underplays the closeness of his aims, ideas and tastes to theirs. Thus, he says that "Magritte's intense concern with titles, and particularly with a change in their function . . . is . . . unique", whereas, in fact, it is common to many Surrealist paintings, by Tanguy and Ernst, for example, and also by those great precursors, Chirico and Duchamp.

The parallels which Professor Hammacher draws between Magritte's critique of language in his word-paintings, and in some of his writings, and the theories of Wittgenstein, Foucault and Saussure are ingenious; but they are, as he admits, fortuitous. The obvious relationship to the experiments of Roussel and Duchamp and to the prolonged Surrealist campaign against the linguistic status quo deserves, at least, a mention. Similarly, his exposition of the "hidden affinity" between Magritte and Coleridge would have been more persuasive and meaningful had he placed more emphasis on the very real debt that Surrealist artistic theory owed to Romanticism.

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Ministerial modes

By Burke Trend

VALENTINE HERMAN and JAMES E. ALT (Editors):
Cabinet Studies
A Reader
302pp. Macmillan. £10.

In a slightly laboured and portentous introduction the editors of *Cabinet Studies* claim that their objective is "to encourage people to think, more systematically and rigorously than has been the case in the past, about the Cabinet as an institution". It is perhaps arguable whether this purpose is greatly forwarded by charging £10 for a combination of four new essays with reprints of eleven others which have already appeared elsewhere, particularly when the oldest of them dates from 1958. And the result is the more disappointing in that in nearly 300 pages there is no reference to such topical aspects of the subject under discussion as the possible impact on a Cabinet's cohesion of this summer's referendum on our membership of the EEC or the still more recent suggestion from within the Labour Party that the field of selection available to a Prime Minister constructing his Cabinet should be confined to those MPs who are endorsed by the parliamentary party.

The long-term implications for a Cabinet, conceived in terms of a structure embodying collective responsibility, are potentially significant in each case; and, since the principles involved are not now (even if these examples of them are perhaps too current to secure recognition in the book), one could wish that they had been explored at least to some extent. Moreover, none of the contributors considers the type of institutional question which the editors themselves note as most in need of further investigation—

What difference does it make to the business of government if Cabinet ministers are recruited from Oxbridge rather than other universities or no universities at all? In what ways are decisions taken by ministers with a public school education different from decisions taken by ministers with a grammar school education? Is it important in any way if the average age of Cabinet ministers is fifty-five rather than forty-five?

One could forgive the absence of answers to these questions if there were any clear indication of the means by which they might be sought in a further process of investigation. But the silence on this point inevitably drives the reader to wonder about methodology in an area of this kind.

Much of the raw material which would be relevant to such an inquiry is not available and is not likely to become so for some time. Even if it were readily and currently accessible, its interpretation, in terms of the categories implied by the questions, would necessarily be a highly personal matter, liable to be coloured by a good deal of individual bias and preconception. And, even if it proved possible to establish a reasonable degree of subjective agreement on some of the issues involved, should we really know much more than we know already—namely that the Cabinet is a body of men who must hang together if they are not to hang separately: that they will therefore incline—with occasional exceptions—towards compromise; and that their methods of achieving compromise are much the same as those of any other collective body which must be prepared to defend its decisions in public?

It is probably unrealistic to hope to carry the inquiry much further than this, at least with anything approaching certainty and conviction. The actions and attitudes of Cabinet ministers are not explicable merely, or even mainly, in terms of their comparative ages or their social and educational origins. It is something else, something more, that a Prime Minister has in mind when he constructs his Cabinet; something which defies—and, one suspects, will always defy—the systematic and rigorous analysis by which the editors of this book profess to set such store.

But perhaps this is too critical; perhaps it implies both too severe a criterion of judgment and too grudging a recognition of the relevance of some of the items of factual information which emerge from the rather daunting statistical apparatus in the first few essays. It is reassuring to find Professor Richard Rose endorsing the view that "there is clear evidence that in one enormously significant area, the recruitment and career backgrounds of the most senior political members [of the British political system], the pattern not only remains overwhelmingly similar to that established over the past hundred years but, if anything moved slightly towards more orthodoxy in terms of parliamentary and administrative experience". Another popular assumption gets a smart knock on the head when it is demonstrated, by Mr Alt, that the much criticized lack of continuity in Cabinet appointments does not necessarily imply lack of Cabinet experience and, in any case, has persisted at much the present level since around the turn of the century. Finally, we are assured, by Mr Herman's detailed comparison of ministerial stability in Britain with ministerial stability in seventeen other countries, that

> by and large, government policies are continuous and lasting and are not unduly affected, at least in the short and medium runs, by a high rate of ministerial turnover. Given the whole variety of political, social and economic restraints on the policy-making process, it appears most unlikely that the formulation and implementation of policies in Britain would be different in nature if ministerial stability were greater.

The subversively inclined should take note; and the Establishment-minded can take heart. Our system of government turns out, after all, to be not quite such a ramshackle, naive and unstable affair as some political commentators seem to wish us to believe. But, before we sink back, once more, into the self-congratulatory complacency with which we habitually contemplate our more ancient and decrepit institutions, what about all those political, social and economic restraints which must surely inhibit, even if they simultaneously regulate, the ministers who govern us? In particular, what about those capricious, arbitrary, irresponsible factors, the media?

The chapters by Colin Seymour-Ure and C. J. Tunstall, "The Cabinet and the Lobby", and "Two Styles of Government" respectively, are full of interesting information on this topic (not least the revealing disclosure that Asquith never went into the lobby, except on rare occasions to post a letter!). What, for example, should we read into the fact that the lobby have shown a consistent preference for a civil servant, rather than a minister, as the governmental "spokesman"? (The answer, I suspect, is not necessarily the one which may first occur to you.) And is Mr Seymour-Ure really right to attach quite so much weight to the part played by the press in the much discussed Macmillan purge of July 13, 1962?

He treats the episode at length, as a case-study of the relations between government and the media. But, although there may be substance in his argument that the rumour carried by the *Daily Mail* had a considerable bearing on the Prime Minister's decision to advance his announcement of the ministerial changes by several days, it is less certain how much responsibility should be attributed to the press for the more remote and indirect impact on political life in general and the Tory Party in particular.

Professor Tunstall, moving rather more cautiously in the same area, comments shrewdly on the interplay between a Cabinet's internal relations and external press relations—in the sense that "the current Press relations behaviour (including rival ministerial leaks) is likely to affect the manner in which Cabinet decision-making is conducted". But he, too, has to concede that this hypothesis is unverifiable until we have "an adequately systematic empirical study of behaviour within a recent Cabinet". And how are we going to get that? One comes back to methodology; how does one make convincing bricks with only speculative straw?

For political scientists this is a genuine, and serious, problem, which is perhaps unlikely to be resolved, one way or the other, until we reach a greater measure of agreement than we enjoy at present about what we mean by "open" government. Meanwhile, it is no reflection on the academic contributors to this volume to say that you notice the difference as soon as you turn to the chapters by the practising politicians and hear the professionals speaking. Lord Butler goes to the heart of the matter when, in discussing the allegation that the modern Cabinet is little more than a rubber stamp, applied more or less automatically to decisions reached effectively at lower levels, he observes: "It is no good making generalisations about the British constitution because it is always possible to retrace one's steps and still to use the Cabinet as the chief place in which these decisions can be made."

And, again, in commenting on the forces which ministers and backbenchers can mobilize in resistance to too autocratic a Prime Minister: "The British constitution always invents the power to counteract too much power."

The emphasis, rightly, is on power, the basic stuff of politics; power which is always accessible to a political will resolute enough to reach out and seize it, but is always sufficiently flexible to retrace earlier steps, sufficiently intelligent and resourceful to contrive a change of course when it senses the breakers ahead, and sufficiently reinforced by a sense of public responsibility, whether rightly or wrongly conceived, [to] sacrifice office rather than princi[ple] if the occasion arises. The artic[les] by Lord Thorneycroft and L[ord] George-Brown on the reasons [for] their respective resignations provi[de] an interesting commentary on [this] last point. But they also prom[pt] one to consider rather carefully [the] argument by which P. J. Madgwi[ck] in discussing the pathology [of] ministerial resignations since 19[..] reaches his conclusion that "wh[en] resignation does happen it is [no] longer a fundamental breach a[nd] the Cabinet suffers no organ[ic] damage". As a generalized stat[e]ment, made without regard to po[s]sible individual cases in the hyp[o]thetical context of a Cabinet alrea[dy] disunited, this is surely too ind[is]criminate a statement.

Somewhere a book is waiting [to] be written (by a politician) on sty[le] in politics—on the different politic[al] methods by which it is possible [to] manage public affairs, to elicit popu[]lar response, to conciliate popula[r] resentment, to mobilize popular e[n]thusiasm, in short to exercise powe[r] in a parliamentary democracy. Her[e] again, it would be a question o[f] methodology. But there is mo[re] than a hint of the way [in] which it might be done in R[oy] Jenkins's article "On Being [a] Minister", in which he compar[es] the Home Office and the Treasu[ry] in terms of the qualities and [the] capacities which their respectiv[e] functions require of their minister[s]. There is no statistical apparatu[s,] no display of analytical technique[;] only a perceptive description [of] the manner in which the purpose[s] of government, while remainin[g] basically unitary, manifest them[]selves in different ways in differe[nt] contexts of specific concern. Th[e] art, and the craft, of discriminatin[g] each of these threads from th[e] others, of preserving their distin[c]tive characteristics of texture an[d] colour and of weaving them[,] nevertheless, into a single fabri[c] of integrated design and functio[n] —that is the subject of a substan[]tial and significant book abou[t] Cabinet government, which has stil[l] to be written.

Apples of discord

By Lord Lambton

CECIL KING:
The Cecil King Diary 1970-1974
415pp. Cape. £5.95.

In December 1973 Lady Longford dined with Cecil Harmsworth King. Among the guests was Peter Walker. After dinner she confided to her host that for some undefined reason Mr Walker "made her shudder". In December 1970 the then Sir William Barnetson told Mr King that his old friend Sir Alec Douglas Home was a nice man but with "nothing there—propelled into prominence by his wife". In January 1971 Hugh Fraser took Mr King to luncheon at Whites Club. They saw there a relation by marriage to Mr King, Sir Neil Cooper-Key; Mr Fraser remarked "that he was only fit to be a motor car salesman". Apart from a disclosure of these confidences which illustrate the spirit of the diaries, Mr King discusses a son plotting behind his father's back, politicians of both parties denigrating their respective leaders, and friends stabbing friends.

These indiscretions, which of course make good reading, turn *The Cecil King Diary 1970-1974*, in its desire to embarrass, into the political equivalent of the diary of Fanny Hill. Yet while to begin with my sympathy went out to Lady Longford, Mr Fraser and Lord Barnetson, and indeed to almost anyone in the past five years who (whether out of kindness or desire to see their name in print) lunched or dined or even called upon Mr King and now find their private opinions of old friends disclosed, on reflection I am sorriest for poor Mr King. For there is one aspect of this diary which marks a sad milestone in his life and lies at the heart of his bitterness, causing him to sow discord as painstakingly as an old peasant sows his corn. The change lies in the company he now keeps. He now sees, especially since the publication of his first diary, not those in power or party authority but those excluded. This is hardly surprising, since to make an incautious remark to him is to ensure its publication. To Labour Party leaders he is clearly chicken pox, and while among Conservatives he is more popular there is little doubt that he has come to be avoided.

As a result the diary suffers and descends to tittle-tattle, rather than the broaching of state secrets. This is melancholy for Mr King—once a lord of Fleet Street, wielding a great daily weapon of power, courted by the great, someone at whose knock all doors opened. But perhaps saddest of all, and most symptomatic of his decline, is a surprising word, increasingly used—"nice". The word comes up again and again and the pattern is always much the same. Mr King has heard somebody is "wet", or "useless", or has "nothing there". They call on him, or are taken to lunch with him, and he at once finds them "nice". There is something truly dismal in this gratitude for the minutest attentions of those who a year or two ago he would not have considered worthy of attention. One looks back almo[st] wistfully for the old conceit. In hi[s] heyday there was somethin[g] magnificent about Mr King['s] egoism, Herculean about hi[s] vanity: he seemed a veritabl[e] monument to megalomania.

At the same time I must no[t] suggest that either Mr King or hi[s] wife are not capable of affectio[n] and seeing the best in thei[r] friends—that would be a wicke[d] thing to do. Let me redress th[e] balance and quote two examples o[f] their charity. In 1971 Dame Ro[...] called on Ian Paisley and "foun[d] him a warm and humble man [of] prayer, borne down by the burde[n] of responsibility that he felt wa[s] laid on him by events". On the same day Mr King saw John Stone[]house, who, he noted, "now has [a] job which keeps him busy and ha[s] brought him on. He is lying low for the present but intends to make his voice heard in a year or so". Stunned by such acumen and prescience, I find myself reduce[d] to silence.

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WHICH WILL IT BE?

[E]choes of the Raj

[By B]rigid Allen

[RUTH] PRAWER JHABVALA:
[Heat] and Dust
[...] John Murray. £3.95.

"[India] always changes people, and [I have] been no exception", says the [narrator] of *Heat and Dust*. [For th]e British, both during and [after th]e Raj, adapting to India has meant some shift in their social and aesthetic awareness, and so vivid has been the [] appreciation of this that it [has be]come an enduring subject for [] writers. Yet the change has [been bo]th a broadening and a narrow[ing e]ffect. Far from producing in[creased] sympathy with India and [its people], it has often resulted in a [] brutality or obtuseness. While some members of the [Raj we]re firmly at home in India, [others] remained permanently alien. [Seeki]ng to impose their own [standar]ds on a confusion of time[-wor]ed and resilient cultures, the[y] failed to cope: they changed, [but no]t fast enough to keep [their] collective dignity. Simi[lar] paradox dogs the contem[porar]y tourist. Awe struggles with [revuls]ion; pity with callousness; [tem]ptation to exploit with the [dete]rmination not to be exploited. [The c]orrespondence between im[perial] and present-day attitudes to [India] appears strikingly in Ruth [Prawer] Jhabvala's new novel, which [moves s]imultaneously in two periods [separa]ted from one another by half [a cen]tury.

[Th]e earlier time is 1923. Olivia, [pre]tty, alert and compassionate [young] wife of a well-meaning dis[trict o]fficer, has recently arrived at [her h]usband's home in Satipur. She [takes] badly to cantonment life, [falls i]n love with a neighbouring [Nawab] and eventually elopes with [him, en]ding her days in a retreat [in th]e mountains. After Olivia's [death, h]er husband's granddaughter [by his] second wife visits India, [partl]y to discover more about [Olivia, eq]uipped with little but a sleep[ing bag] and a bundle of Olivia's [letters]. The girl takes a room in [Satipur] and settles into an uncon[ventiona]lly simple existence. Open[-minde]d and generous like Olivia, [she has] many experiences which [echo O]livia's own; and the narra[tive, a]lternating the two, moves easily [backwar]ds and forwards in time. [India, w]e feel, has changed since [the Br]itish left. Of the Indian way [of life] only the Nawab's inflated [] grandeur has been com[pletely s]wallowed by independence. [But] an important undercurrent [of] [] still dominates. Super[stitions] and delusions flourish; while disgruntled English hippies provoke as much of the author's irony as does the stuffy ruling class of Olivia's day. Indeed, the narrator's uncluttered outlook contrasts strongly with the prisons of custom and belief which enclose her lovers, a much-married Indian clerk and a self-destructive English holy man. The strength of the two women lies in a shared combination of trust and independence, which leads each of them through an acceptance of the more bewildering areas of Indian life to an apparently lasting happiness.

This is a short novel but an extraordinarily rich one. Surprisingly, in such an economical and well-planned work, it proliferates with minor characters, of whom the most delightful is the collapsed-blanc-mange-like Harry, an Englishman trapped in the service of a native state. The social comedy is as funny and as sympathetic as it is in Mrs Jhabvala's earlier novels, even though she has departed from her more usual theme of middle-class Indian life. Here we are insiders in two worlds at once. So deep is Mrs Jhabvala's knowledge of India and so sharp her imagery that we seem to see, with eyes which are both English and Indian, into two societies which coexisted but were virtually invisible to one another. They are linked by the account of the pilgrimage, begun by Olivia and completed for her by the narrator, into a life of isolation in the mountains. The area which they reach lies above and beyond the conventional India and is one to which most of their compatriots would be unable to penetrate.

In the end, therefore, the comic figures of the British rulers and the Nawab recede into unimportance beside the ordinary India which has outlasted them. This is the India of alleyways and closed-in family lives; of religious festivals, abortionists and dying beggars; of sleeping out, in the hot weather, exposed to the world on a charpoy or on the ground. Although once incomprehensible to Englishwomen, it need not necessarily be so. The innate joyfulness of the two main characters overcomes their surroundings; while their need to give, to bear children and to love, overcomes their Englishness. The major and minor themes of fertility and of suttee, the woman's final act of self-sacrifice, are both beautifully and lightly handled. The novel moves to its close with a casualness suited to the diary form round which it is constructed yet with a very real sense of attainment.

Unspotted Dick

By Valentine Cunningham

MERVYN JONES:
The Pursuit of Happiness
264pp. Quartet. £3.95.

There is little that is sprightly about Mervyn Jones's *Pursuit of Happiness*: more a plod into unhappiness in fact. A girl called Pat Bell narrates (and were she dubbed String-Along or Touch-Pacey the reader would not have to linger even the thirty-odd pages he does have to before getting whiffs of the particular fictional ozone in store). She offers the flimsiest of hoary old excuses for writing: "I'm writing for myself, with fanciful notions of being read by some daughter or granddaughter years hence . . ." (no excuses, it appears, like the old excuses—they will be discovering editable confessions in trunks soon). And ways with words never came stolider: culinarily speaking, *The Pursuit of Happiness* is a protracted feast of Spotted Dick without even the occasional covenanted mercy of currants.

Ms Bell hails from Ulster, a grey land enlivened for her by the better than small-town technique of Bob Curran and the quivering assaults of goodish Catholic boy Kevin O'Hagan. Not happy, though, at being protected from lustful Catholics by razor-wielding Prots, she lights out, photography diploma a-clutch, for the even zestier attractions of cosmopolis. Naturally she hits the bull first off, becoming sixth girl to a glossy gaggle of lushly sexy, well-off models and such kipping in Kensington squalor-splendour. There, or thereabouts, she rapidly encounters Hugh from Mayfair with the sexual good taste, Roger with the penthouse and the affairs-condoning wife, and Alan. Alan, however, being a dull, sports-loving lad from Coventry, whose knowledge of Pinter really needs brushing up, foolishly offers marriage. Pat retreats, to cheers from her envying flat-mates, into the arms, and quickly the marriage bed, of desirable Vernon Longuehaye, a philosophy professor of the kind who appears only in novels: more at home in BBC hospitality rooms than in senior common rooms, oftener in his Plumstead pad than his East Anglian lecture hall, a man so busy being tapped for his opinions worldwide that he has no visible time for the mental refurbishment his author clearly feels he can do without. But soon the crunch comes for Pat: for all Vernon's attractions, and the compelling charms of his intellectual coterie, he is a male chauvinist swine, levering his new wife out of independence and career, into boring old housewifery and tediously empty leisure.

No doubt all this felt good at the ur-novel stage: but it has not exactly leapt happily from the drawing board. The situations and people persist in being unbelievably stereotyped, ever calqued on a colour supplement adman's dreams. Or perhaps, more calculatedly, the mixture has been rigged for a script conference with some meat-headed film executive. We need some Glossy Birds! (They are here, O Mogul.) Time for a Trendy Don! (Here he comes, Mogul.) Chuck in some Middle Class Anguish! (That is in too, sir.) Now for a Liberated Woman Bit! (That is in as well.) And never less than immoderately in: not a couple of slick chicks, but a flat-full; not a talking head, but a shouting big head; not just a posh wedding, but one attended by a vice-chancellor, the editor of *The Times*, the director-general of the BBC and the "Minister for the Arts Council". And even on the occasions when sentiments manage to be as laudable as they are credible they are dwelt on ever so lengthily: pages, for instance, of predictable stuff about the middle class and comprehensive schools are occasioned by Vernon's daughter, Aethra, going to one such. Not for a long time has the anti-Midas touch—at which everything that is not already dross turns into it before the reader's startled eyes—received such an orchestrating in a novel of allegedly serious pretensions.

[T]he slippery slope

[By D]avid Wilson

[IRWIN] SHAW:
[Nightw]ork
[...] Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

[The idea] of the American Innocent [survives], even after Watergate. In [Irwin] Shaw's new novel it rubs [shoulde]rs with the notion that sur[vival d]epends on being one step [ahead] of the next man's dirty [tricks]. The early chapters of *Night[work]* include some jaundiced reflec[tions o]n Washington—the Byzantine [web] of corruption behind the [Palladi]an pillars—and here the [shadow] of Watergate looms [large]ly. Fortunately it dis[perses], and the Stateside fog is [replace]d by crisp, clean air and [good] wine, as the narrative [turns] into a lighthearted caper [among] the ski resorts and grand [hotels o]f Europe.

[The] European end of Mr Shaw's [entertai]nment is dominated by a [characte]r who, thirty years ago, [would] have offered a custom-built [part f]or George Sanders. Suave, [worldly], Miles Fabian is an inter[nation]al gigolo and con man, an [Americ]an with an acquired British [accent] who finds easy prey for his prodigious gaming talents among the charter-flight jet set of St Moritz. His biggest break comes when he accidentally picks up the wrong suitcase and finds it bulging with $100 bills. Fabian survives on his luck: the owner of the suitcase, Douglas Grimes, had never had any until he found the money when he was working as a night clerk in a seedy New York hotel. Grimes traces Fabian, Fabian proposes a deal, and the money expands. Grimes, his stutter cured and his innocence corrupted, discovers a new world of Chantilly racehorses, stock market coups, blue movies and titled British ladies with time on their hands.

Grimes is the story's nominal hero (and narrator), but he is upstaged by Fabian, whose caustic comments on art and money and the art of making money enliven what threatens to tail off into variations on the moneymaking theme. Whether Mr Shaw intended it like that is another matter: the clutch of conveniences which tie up the loose ends (including the Watergate connexion) suggests that he didn't. Grimes gets rich and married, and poor old Fabian for once acts out of character and pays for it with an inglorious death. The moral, presumably (Mr Shaw has never been a writer to miss making a point), is that only those who are basically innocent can get away with villainy.

Campus mentis

By Hilary Spurling

MALCOLM BRADBURY:
The History Man
229pp. Secker and Warburg. £3.50.

Howard Kirk, the central character of Malcolm Bradbury's new novel, is a sociology don of puritanical working-class background moving down from the Midlands to rough up a new university; a radical, aggressive, progressive proponent of sub- and counter-cultures, in short a fairly familiar hero of our own times. He wears a Zapata moustache, and clenched fists on his sweatshirt. Sex is his field, and one tirelessly tilled (but more for profit than pleasure). His energies, when not depleted by sleeping with his students or colleagues or colleagues' wives, are chiefly devoted to procuring an invitation to speak which nobody wants to extend to a "racist" geneticist of international distinction who foils him by dying (though it is all one to Howard when an old friend is howled down, beaten up and trodden on instead).

He terrorizes his peaceable professor, diddles his liberal colleagues, brainwashes his students into a state of indiscriminate intolerance and ruthlessly bullies the only one who has the nerve to stand up to him: a defenceless nonconformist who reads books, writes essays ("I think you've made a heavy, anal job of it because you're a heavy, anal type", is Howard's deceptively mild tutorial comment), and defies the entire student body by wearing a university blazer and tie. Howard sees to it that his degree is withheld and his academic career brought to an ignominious halt.

Howard's grasp of conspiracy theory (and practice) is masterly, and so is Professor Bradbury's exposé of how a whole system keels over at Howard's blithe, irresponsible push. The punitive teaching methods employed by advanced academics, the combination in their pupils of sheepishness with ferocity, are deftly caught. The departmental meeting impaled on a thicket of thorny procedural points is perhaps the high point of the book, a brilliant marriage of farce with chillingly authentic documentary. If, as one can't but suspect, this is an essentially accurate portrait of life on a contemporary campus then, as somebody says at one of the Kirks' many parties: "There are things going on out there . . . that would make your nipples pucker."

But, though one cannot say too much for Professor Bradbury's plot or for that matter plotter, action by no means accounts for the bulk of a book which seems at times in danger of being swamped by elaborately detailed, oddly flat descriptions of supermarkets, shopping precincts, clothes, cutlery, furniture and floor coverings. These roll calls are conducted with a mixture of dissatisfaction (outright disapproval in the case of campus architecture) and half-guilty attraction that is curiously ambiguous on the part of a narrator who so plainly has it in for Howard. Campus types, by contrast, are placed with expert precision, from the downtrodden faculty wives and their shifty husbands to Mrs Kirk herself, a liberated wife, mother and marvellously confident hostess ("What kind of contraceptive do you use?" is her standard opening gambit for nervous guests. "I'm Pill. I used to be Bung but now I'm Pill"). Where people are shrewdly put down, things tend to take over on a scale which suggests mounting moral uneasiness: it is as though the monstrous regiment of fixtures and fittings which enclose, and perhaps helped to produce, Howard had somehow become too much for his creator. One set of stripped pine kitchen shelves is described three times, and its contents listed twice, in tones not so much ironic as admiring. One cannot help feeling that inside this fat catalogue of very superior goods a thinner, sharper and altogether more disconcerting novel is struggling to get out.

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The generative impulse

By G. S. Kirk

MICHAEL N. NAGLER :
Spontaneity and Tradition
A Study in the Oral Art of Homer
236pp. University of California Press. £6.85.

Homeric scholarship nowadays is a deadly serious business that often takes the form of trying to modify Milman Parry's fruitful concept of "formulas"—standardized metrical phrases—as the basis of epic diction (and, by analogy, of conventional themes, widely varied or elaborated, as the basis of epic plot). The argument about formulas (are they exactly repeated phrases, or patterns into which words of similar sound, rhythm or function can be fitted?) has indeed brought about a few necessary qualifications of Parry's theory. Themes tend to be treated by a different type of scholar, and Parry's collaborator, the Slavist A. B. Lord, has made some useful additions here; but again the attempt to develop the Parry-Lord insights, particularly in the United States, has been a little disappointing in respect of tangible results. A ponderous jargon ("confrontation", "convenership", and so on) has been developed to denote typical events, and there is a not very fruitful overlap with the story-analyses of Vladimir Propp.

Now Michael Nagler in his complicated, diffuse but clever book wants to abandon formulas and formula-types altogether in favour of an unconscious structural idea in the oral poet's mind to which the author can regrettably only attach the terms *Gestalt* and *sphota* (the latter being a Sanskrit word that was sometimes used of meaning "bursting" upon the mind, or into language). He thinks that these unconscious forms *generate* applications in words, phrases and themes: "a preverbal Gestalt generates a family of allomorphs". There is a level, an extremely abstract one, at which this is no doubt true, however obscure the statement of it; and it is even more obviously true that "to understand Homer, one must pull in everything, from the mythic backdrop to the rhythm of the individual phrase". Yet at any more particular and analytical level (in other words, at any critically useful one) the theory seems to me to fail to justify itself. That does not mean, of course, that it should not be carefully scrutinized by those most able to judge this sort of thing. But it is too vague in outline to be properly comprehensible, let alone usefully explanatory or revealing. Its extension to themes, judging by the demonstrations—often interesting—provided by the author, is hardly convincing, and in relation to diction it is further weakened by Dr Nagler's failure to invalidate the concept of "formula" that his new idea is designed to replace.

Repeated and obviously traditional phrases in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* do not as a whole (it can be admitted) form a closed system like that exemplified by the name-epithet system for deities and major heroes from which Parry began. Formulas can be extended in all sorts of ways, though always within the metrical limitations of the hexameter verse; but the language is still one in which conventional poetic phraseology is both unusually systematized and at the same time unusually subject to imaginative variation. A repeated verse or passage will not strike many other critics as the realization *anew* of a "preverbal template"; but according to *Spontaneity and Tradition* even formular phrases like noun-epithet groups are "produced anew from some inchoate generative impulse each time they occur".

Dr Nagler begins with some acute observations about *calembours* of the *hēdus aütmē/thēlus aütē* kind; these singers can vary a formula with little regard for underlying meaning, when they wish. But it is more important that his fundamental analysis beginning on page 11 of verses containing the word *krēdemnon* ("veil") and its forms entirely fails to show that we are not still dealing with a loosely formular system not unlike the kind described by Parry. Dr Nagler insists that the most we can talk of is "family resemblances". In a way, yes—but only if we take that phrase exactly as Wittgenstein meant it, and as is demonstrated in the passage quoted by Dr Nagler on page 15, and not as the usual open-sesame to any old associative intuition.

These first two chapters on "the traditional phrase" are a revision of a well-known article by the author published some years ago, and they remain the best part of a book that is learned and often intriguing but is spoiled by an excess of assertion and theory and a deficiency of argument and real demonstration; as well as by a wide tolerance of other people's dogmatic interpretations that is ethically bracing (in this field) but practically disadvantageous. It encourages the author to offer some interpretations of his own that are singularly improbable. Thus when Andromache is rendered totally unconscious by the sight of her husband being dragged behind Achilles's chariot, she loses her veil and thus enacts, among other things, a *feeling of sexual violation*; and when Odysseus notices with pleasure the coping-stones of his palace they probably remind him of the word "veil" used metaphorically of battlements, and so of the *chastity of Penelope*. Subsequent chapters, on motifs and thematic structure, become progressively looser and, by and large, less convincing—though Chapter 5 has some enlightening asides on possible mythical aspects of Achilles in relation to Mesopotamian ideas of the underworld, chaos-demons and so on.

Ingenious but arbitrary interpretations are common enough in Homeric studies, but that does not justify their being stated as facts or used in support of even looser generalizations. What is needed for the theme-analysis of oral poetry (quite apart from questions of style and diction) is not *more* comparative literature (*Othello* contributes as little on page 202 as *Don Quixote* on page xxii), *more* jargon ("art language", "onomatopoetry", "accrual", "creatural", "protreptic cap" and "gnomic foil" . . .), *more* references to linguistics (Western or Sanskrit) and Structuralism (Proppian or Lévi-Straussian—Nagler, like many others, tends to confuse the two), but rather a careful subjecting of existing theories and interpretations to adequate testing against text and probability and an insistence on the *clear* statement of critical perceptions.

Dr Nagler is plainly an excellent Hellenist of unusually wide reading who seems to me not to have paused long or often enough to reconsider his method, his results and the precise implication of the evidence on which they might be based. In propounding a theory of the language and thematic structure of oral poetry that is professedly mystical he himself behaves, not unnaturally in the circumstances, like a prophet or soothsayer. It is for the reader to decide whether the message is true, false or indifferent. Amateurs of Homer are unlikely to find the book worth their while, but some professional scholars, at least, will enjoy the consideration of its daunting arguments and be helped by its valuable insights into a number of individual Homeric passages.

We demand the stoning of the court astrologers

In the third year of our reign the clouds are muddy
The peacocks mope their feathers tacky
The Pleiades are bored with a finite series.

When tomorrow was the frosty crown
All the leaves were crisper
The martins made merry mud, the white heads came into the sun

Eyes were moister voices ran after eloquence
Blood signalled just beneath the skin
For each musical sequence there was a triumphant O.

Now spies infest the land, ministers
Are fat, look asquint, Calvin and Bellarmine
This way incline in unctuous brotherhood.

They cannot discover the deepest blue
The gold most refined, the lively water,
They scrabble over yellow maps compass-crazy.

Our hands are broken, the doves
Moan their boredom, the leopards
Fret no more the steel gripe of their cage.

Our former heat summers in books
Hides with a small charge in the foxy pages;
We bleed from the sonnet's angles we are poxed with pentameters.

Scorpio, Capricorn, and all that crew,
Cancerous, hydroptic, fishy, arrow-squandering,
Remove your shield; then we shall burn

In the pure fire, yours, O embracing Lord,
Phoebus Apollo, yours the hart the wolf,
Yours the hard sky, the winter. The dung steams

The fires are blue and bitter, the fat runs
From the offering.
The courtier and the court
Meet here: ruminants of the year's cave.

J. M. Cameron

In line with Catullus

By Colin Macleod

DAVID O. ROSS Jr :
Backgrounds to Augustan Poetry
Gallus Elegy and Rome
176pp. Cambridge University Press. £6.50.

Backgrounds to Augustan Poetry claims to be "a somewhat specialized history of Augustan poetry". Some at least of its tendencies, if fitful, are laudable: to show the indissolubility of personal emotion and technical inventiveness, Roman nationality and Greek tradition, in the poets of the period, and to trace a continuous line from Catullus to his successors; it was his and his circle's "Alexandrianism"—their learning, polish and selfconsciousness—which made possible the full flowering of Latin poetry and gave it the means to express both individual and communal experience.

This theme is challenging and important; but the book is vitiated by two connected faults. It does not treat single poems in any depth for their own sake and hence offers far too much speculation about lost writings based on quite inadequate readings of what survives. Thus David Ross often gives the impression of trying to expound ideas larger than his powers of understanding and reasoning can support; and the value of his book is confined to some isolated generalizations and some brief discussions of style or vocabulary.

Chapter 1 deals with Catullus, whose convincingness and originality as love poet, Professor Ross claims, is bound up with his use of the Alexandrian Callimachus. So far so good. But now we are told that Lesbia should not be thought of as a real person, but rather as a sort of screen on to which two ideals are projected: in the lyrics she represents *urbanitas*, in the epigrams she betrays *amicitia*. Thus "much of Catullus' love poetry . . . goes far beyond immediate experience, and this, perhaps, explains its lasting significance".

This is misleading. Poetry of its very nature goes "beyond immediate experience"; and more specifically, Professor Ross ignores a characteristic function of general statement, indicated by Aristotle in the *Rhetoric*. It often expresses urgent feeling in literature, as in life: consider Theseus's outbursts in Euripides's *Hippolytus* when he meets his son, or King Lear's ragings on the heath. Catullus 76, which this book looks at, is another such utterance; and so the sense that "every law of the universe has suddenly been revealed as meaningless" cannot be divorced from the poet's "immediate experience" as a lover. The same holds for his appeals to the values of *amicitia* and *urbanitas*. A poet, no more than a person, can have his feelings tidily separated from his ideals; and if Catullus or his successors are universal, that is not least because they are personal.

This bears, moreover, on what seems to be a central thesis of the book: that "subjectivity" is not a principal or defining characteristic of Latin elegy. Now Professor Ross refers constantly to "subjective love-elegy" and the like; and that, though confusing, is also revealing. For in fact the elegists themselves suggest they are speaking of their own experience. Thus Propertius in 1.7 and 2.34 contrasts love poetry, whose theme is the writer's own passion, with poems about mythical figures; and Ovid exploits the idea that love poetry is a "confession" in *Tristia* II. This does not mean the elegists are describing real events or even real persons; but their manner as love poets is autobiographical, however fantastic their matter. And this was clearly one of the *differentiae* of the genre, which set it apart from impersonal and elevated forms like epic or tragedy.

It is again confusing when in the same context Professor Ross writes: "There is no escape from the feeling that so often in Latin elegy the passion appears thin and conventional, indeed of secondary importance in the poem."

This is a judgment of value and as such does not affect the *description* of the genre, which was apparently what was concerned. It does, however, imply a question which the book shirks. If the elegists strike us as more frigid or stylized than Catullus, why is that so? Or is it rather that they develop out of his work something fuller and finer? First, we have to understand some constant features of Latin elegy: for example, the introduction of political themes, the echoes of Alexandrian poetry and poetics, the employment of mythical parallels, rhetorical topics and stock situations. All these things, are sometimes written off as incompatible with "subjectivity". It would be better to examine them as instruments or elements in the self-expression of a complex human being, a user of language who needs conventions and images to set what he has to say within or against, a lover who is also an artist and a citizen. But all Professor Ross does with Propertius is to touch on some stylized features—and dwell on the "sources" of his work—and that is no basis for a "history of Augustan poetry", however "specialized".

Anyone who deals with Latin elegy must scrutinize Catullus; one important question might be how he uses the mythical analogy in his poem 68. But all Professor Ross has to say about that is "the figures from myth . . . respond [*sic*] to the emotions and conflicts of the poet himself". There are, moreover, errors as well as omissions here. Thus he draws a distinction between the epigrams and the lyrics and longer poems: the epigrams, which have little importance for later writing, are "direct and relatively unsophisticated", the other works, which influence the elegists, have "taste and literary wit". It would be easy to show that the lyrics are often, by design, coarse or blunt; easy too to show that the epigrams are highly contrived—sometimes because they pointedly avoid a pointed or balanced conclusion, like *Odi et amo* or poem 87—and that their themes flow into elegy.

But what offends most about this distinction is that it conceals one of the springs of Catullus's poetry: the jarring coexistence in one person at one time of modish and traditional values, or of either kind of value with passion. To reveal one such conflict is in fact the function of the myth in 68: it describes an intense, though ill-starred, marriage which contrasts with what the poet pretends to prefer, an easygoing affair. It thus expresses a wish-dream. Professor Ross seems to glimpse such a function of myth in his account of Propertius 1.3; but he concludes that the myths invoked there "suggest . . . a world of poetic universality". Again and again he revives the facile antithesis, "subjective" and "universal" or "abstract", that he had apparently set out to destroy, because we are never shown how its two sides unite.

But perhaps what most flaws this book is its attempt to resurrect Cornelius Gallus, who must have affected the development of Latin elegy, who is honoured by Virgil and Propertius, but of whose work only one line survives. This is not the place to renew a discussion which was as good as exhausted by 1914. Suffice it to say that Professor Ross's arguments are of the shakiest. In fact the evidence does not permit any worthwhile conclusions to be drawn about Gallus. But what is worst about this phantom here is that he distracts attention from living and breathing poets.

Something that seems clear about Gallus as he appears in the *Eclogues* is that he is in a sense a double of Virgil himself. In *Eclogue* VI Virgil makes the Callimachean rejection of warlike themes: Gallus receives the Callimachean initiation by the Muses. And it is in fact Virgil who can be seen to have written, though in miniature, in *Eclogue* VI itself the sort of poem to which such an initiation is appropriate—a Hesiodic-Alexandrian catalogue combining cosmogony with mythical amours and metamorphoses.

By ascribing the initiation to Gallus Virgil both pays homage to his contemporary and obliquely points to his own achievement. Likewise *Eclogue* X, where Gallus' poetic ambitions succumb to the power of love, is also the end of Virgil's book and of his inspiration as a pastoral poet. So it is Virgil and his writing that these poems really tell us something about. Professor Ross is aware of their motif, the conflict between a universal theme, the "divine song and human weakness"; he sees too how all Virgil's works, in thus enlarging the Alexandrian interest in the perverse erotic, deal with love's power to wreck higher aspirations or wise counsels. But the interpretation he might have tried to give of the greatest Latin poet is immured in his reconstruction of one who is a lesser writer, both (presumably) quite obscure and (necessarily) quite obscure to us.

This book appears at a time when classical studies are hardly flourishing. That is partly because other disciplines are more attractive to students; at the same time the popularity of translations suggests that ancient literature has no lack of *amateurs*. Classical scholars thus face a challenge: to show enough other, students and whatever large public they may find, clearly and concretely, that their concern is with writings as great and subtle as any: in other words, to declare their assets. Professor Ross has preferred to speculate.

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…nt of the Arts Council's …ly priced annual antholo… *New Poetry 1*, roughly follows …cedure, established by the …s and P.E.N. anthologies, of …ing, printing the best of the …ted poems, and thus making …e of catholicity. "The Edi… are conscious", they say, "of …responsibility in suppressing …own partialities to styles and …nces." The result is offered … reader as evidence of the persistence and industry of … poets, undaunted by mere … and ready to respond abun… to enlightened patronage. … may say, this can only be … of the iceberg. What was … with the tip? Are we happy … haphazard representation … such an imprimatur? Such … could be fully dispelled if …thology were a tremendously …ed, were in fact, as Peter … and Charles Osborne claim, … of worthwhile poems". Is it … worthwhile poems? Is it *full* …worthwhile poems? Not quite. … one in ten, as one would … is worth returning to; the … are light stuff, sketches, jottings, thin thoughts in a sloppy metric, with a verbal concentration, like the alcohol in some wines, too slight for keeping. One's eye, like one's palate, receives them without demur, but is not excited. I'm not, I hasten to say, talking about the young or unknown poets, of which there are many, but of the general effect of such a wide haul from submitted material. Better, surely, would be an annual gathering of the best poems that could be found by any means, a harder task, but one worthier of the present editors' excellent taste.

I had thought that "treble" (apart from the connotation of piping voices) was only used in a context of gambling: either way *Treble Poets 2* is an unfortunate choice for this series modelled on one already established by Penguin, where the publisher spreads his bet on a threesome. Not a bad notion if you had caught Pope, Gay and Parnell in 1715 or Frost, Thomas and Davies in 1915, say, but the trouble is that such catches are impossible anyway and you are left making up quite fortuitous ménages. Florence Elon's Jewish immigrants in New York rehearse themes familiar enough even to an English audience. Gerda Mayer's jaunty fables seem like a dry-run for something more considerable. The pea in the walnut for my money is Daniel Halpern, whose direct and unpretentious style copes with such interesting subjects as a lady knife-thrower, a compulsive breaker of glass or a pig fallen into the Atlantic, with colour and aplomb.

John Digby, in *The Structure of Bifocal Distance*, writes as though he had just discovered a file of *Contemporary Poetry and Prose*. Unadulterated surrealism was always potentially boring. Issuing forty years too late from a fairly commonplace imagination, it is grindingly so. On the other hand, one could wish for Eavan Boland a more fertile imagination, a liberation to match her evident skill in organizing poems. In *The War Horse* she achieves the affecting cadence, the suggestive detail, the measured culminating judgment, but is frequently led into mild pieties or the strain of fancy:

Snowdrops poised for assassination
Broadcast, white in the face, the stress
Of first bursting out of a prison
Where winter grips the warder's keys

By day, then at the dusk's tilt
Loops them to Orion's belt.

Losing sight of the snowdrops, she elaborates without real figurative inevitability. She hovers uncertainly between a private and a public voice. The poems are responsible and intelligent, but with no magic.

Arthur Sale's *Under the War and Other Poems* (his first collection, though he appears to be in his mid-thirties) is the most interesting, though to my mind it has taken a most unprofitable direction. Dogged, quaint, mannered, it reads like a tribute to the confessional spiritual metaphors of Hopkins:

. . . though my duty's massive outward image
is Atlas shouldering all gravitation,
my heart lifts like the arrow in the fairground
under the maul, and ringing bells aloft.

With moments of affecting clarity like this, the collection communicates its sense of bunched suburban nerves and patient probing surprisingly well, but has the common failing of an inward poetry pursued in literary isolation: it is overwritten, verbally fussy without any alleviating elegance, and likely to lapse cruelly into full-tilt fustian:

This upright thwarting and undiquitous zeal
to fix, wedge in position and not to kick from that sub-zero heighted galty
Despond Pond headlong me, pulls, piles, resilient down responsibility in the soil.

Somebody ought to have told him not to write like this. Much of the time he seems to have no understanding of how to achieve poetic weight by any means other than prolonging sentences beyond syntactical and metrical belief and loading them with all the dull joke-learned words he can think of (palimpsest, asymptote, inspissation). Since he can achieve many powerful effects, one can only hope that he will shrug off the mock-Hopkins. He has an original talent which needs a simpler and firmer discipline.

…t the point of speech

…thony Thwaite

… MAHON :
…ow Party
Oxford University Press. £1.75.

… MOLE :
…ial Light
… Dent. £1.50.

…D LOWBURY :
…ight Watchman
Chatto and Windus. £1.50.

… verse letter by Michael … a fellow Ulsterman, Derek … is addressed approvingly as … the "poetic conservatives". … might well take umbrage; for … that emerges from his … is one which, while it … for ceremony and inherited … has only the wannest faith … ceremony survives or that such … has relevance. Wistful, … resigned, the poems in *The* … *Party* sound like the fastidious … of self-imposed exile. … Seamus Heaney, he has … from the massacre", but … "a wood-kerne. . . . Tak… protective colouring/From bole … bark"; Mr Mahon's escape … has been even more tentative. … first poem in the book, … home by sea/For the first … years", he comes to the …sion:

… if I'd stayed behind
… it bomb by bomb
… have grown up at last
… learnt what is meant by home.

… final stanza of the poem that … this, "Leaves", pushes … that "perhaps":

… where in the heaven
… futures
… lives we might have led
… found their own fulfilment.

… futures, rather than Mr … 's lost busts, are the substance of Mr Mahon's poems. "The Last of the Fire Kings", "Thammuz", "The Banished Gods" and (a beautifully judged stroke of minimalism) "Flying" are all hesitant reachings forward to possibilities just beyond the range of understanding. In these, and in other poems such as "The Snow Party" and in parts of the "Cavafy" sequence, there is a sardonic aestheticism, a diffident acknowledgment that art can arrest and fix at least something in what would otherwise be mere noise and flux. Two prose-poems, "A Hermit" and "The Apotheosis of Tins", play humorous variations on the theme. "A Hermit" ends:

> I am an expert on frost crystals and the silence of crickets, a confidant of the stinking shore, the stars in the mud. There is an immanence in these things which drives me, despite my scepticism, almost to the point of speech. Like sunlight cleaving the lake mist at morning, or when tepid water runs cold at last from the tap. I have been working for years on a four-line poem about the life of a leaf. I think it may come out right this winter.

For all its circumstantial wryness, this is tenuous stuff, however, and it seems to me, reading *The Snow Party*, Mr Mahon's third book, that there is some danger of his talent thinning itself away into arbitrariness and whimsy. As if to show that he can indeed manage something more solid, he ends the collection with its most impressive poem, a meditation with the bleak title "A Disused Shed in Co. Wexford". Here "A thousand mushrooms crowd to a keyhole", and are celebrated as dumb survivors whose tenacity spells out a hard-won lesson.

There are some frail obliquities and evanescences in *A Partial Light*, too, and a use of the short nervous line comparable with Mr Mahon's. But whereas with Mr Mahon one senses a pressure of events behind the taut evasiveness, with John Mole it seems to be more a pressure of things, of objects. A Roman skeleton in a museum, an abandoned car, a church key, a group of paintings, a collection of heirlooms, a nineteenth-century sampler, childhood toys remembered—these are the starting-points for poems. At their weakest, the poems can only decorate the objects that suggested them, and, though Mr Mole is always intelligent and honest in what he does, there is a suspicion that some of these talismanic properties have been rather too easily adopted as subject-matter. Careful, domesticated, observant, the poet appraises experience with tact but doesn't always go beyond well-mannered reminiscing. Yet he transcends such limitations in several poems; for instance, the three-part "Battlegrounds", which has a sharply tempered edge, "A Hereford Sampler", which goes piercingly beyond the docile "placing" of an object, and "Last Touch", a short love poem which perfectly catches a moment of true sentiment.

Edward Lowbury is a seasoned and highly professional craftsman. He must have formed his characteristic style before Mr Mahon and Mr Mole had even been born, yet the way he handles, for example, the poem "Toys" in *The Night Watchman* is fresh, deftly avoids sloppiness, and demonstrates that direct emotional statement is still possible. The clarity is muddied now and then with verbal obviousnesses ("the past, sharp as a knife", "A deafening knock at midnight on the door"), and there are times when he lets a brief fancy run on too long. But in such poems as "Falls", "Burial at Sea", "Previous Lives" and "Faces" there is an almost surprised grip on paradoxes and ironies, a true sense of wonder.

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The politicians' dam

By David Birmingham

KEITH MIDDLEMAS:
Cabora Bassa
Engineering and Politics in Southern Africa.
367pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £6.95.

The year 1974 may prove to be as significant a turning-point in African history as was 1948. In 1948 black nationalists on the Gold Coast won the long-term promise of home rule for tropical Africa, while white nationalists in South Africa formed a government and prepared for a long siege. The crunch came in 1964-65 when black rule reached Zambia, white rule was entrenched in Rhodesia, and war between black and white broke out in Mozambique. After ten years of fighting, Mozambique effectively defeated Portugal and a European colonial administration was replaced by a multi-racial African government. Expectations of change were dramatically heightened in Rhodesia, Namibia and even South Africa. In the meantime, however, the real autonomy of African nation-states had declined, since 1948, with the rise of the multinationals, the growth of neocolonial influence by industrialized countries, and the flexing of oil muscles.

The fascination of Keith Middlemas's *Cabora Bassa*, a brilliant analysis of the Cabora Bassa hydro-electric project, is that all the central themes of modern African history impinge on the story in a most direct way. The attainment of black independence, the convoluted investment policies of Germany and France, Italy and Britain, the secretive innovations of Afrikaner economics, the Anglo-American balancing act, the death-throes of Portuguese colonialism, the rise of Lisbon's technocratic oligarchy, the sociology of world engineering teams, the politics of energy, sanctions and sanction breaking in Rhodesia, all feature on this rich canvas.

The engineering side of the story is absorbing. In the rock wall of the Zambezi gorge there is now a man-hewn cavern twice the size of St Paul's cathedral. It contains five 900-ton generator sets hauled in over specially built roads, bridges and tunnels. The water blades travel at the speed of sound to create two million kilowatts of electricity. Most of this will be relayed nearly a thousand miles in a single, direct-current, cable at a tension of half a million volts. All of which involves several feats of technological pioneering, and a £350 million investment, twice as high as the Chinese stake in the Tanzam railway.

Cabora Bassa was first designed as a political rather than an economic venture. The Salazar-Caetano regime sought to commit South African and Western interests to their colonial survival in Mozambique. This was why political France, rather than financial Britain was chosen for the tender. As a symbol, Cabora Bassa naturally attracted black nationalist wrath, and thereupon became politically self-defeating. The Frelimo liberation front received more support, finance and publicity when tilting at a capitalist monster than when proselytizing among unknown peasants. Once the dam's publicity value had been used, however, Frelimo guerrillas moved on, and their key victories were won farther south, in the settler highlands of Manica and along the railways into Beira. Cabora Bassa was captured intact to become the dowry in a most discreet marriage between new Mozambique and old South Africa. The shotgun had been carefully included in the original contract. Mozambique could barely consume 15 per cent of the dam's electric output, while South Africa, although retaining strategic thermoelectric reserves, could not produce at the Cabora Bassa price.

The Zambezi colonial planners expected not only to sell low-cost energy, but to initiate ambitious new extractive, transport, and even processing industries. They were also commissioned to develop the rural sector of middle Mozambique. A well researched programme of villagization, education and irri[...] tion might have proved of real be[...] fit to their political heirs. As [...] was, the river authority was st[...] peded into confining a quarter of [a] million people in barbed secu[...] compounds with minimal prep[ara]tion. Soldiers and policemen, ra[ther] than development officers, w[ere] their agents, and bureaucratic im[...]tience led to murderous abuses [of] the Wiriyamu type. Mozambi[que] now faces the double task of remo[...]ing the war traumas as well as [...] planning its development villag[...] It may learn a lot from the ha[...] experiences of Tanzania's ujam[aa] programme, but it will probably [be] years before the spin-off fr[om] Cabora Bassa proves of any r[eal] value to local peasants.

This is not only a valuable ca[se] study in multinational engineeri[ng] and finance. It is also the m[ost] illuminating book so far availa[ble] on Portugal (and on Mozambiq[ue]) under Caetano's rule. Real chan[ge] in colonial policy took place [be]tween 1968 and 1974, but th[e] purpose and nature was alw[ays] cloaked in maximum secrecy. T[he] Middlemas research method, [em]bracing 300 interviews, many w[ith] government, industrial and fi[nan]cial leaders, provided a unique po[int] of vantage. It enabled him to wr[ite] important chapters on developme[nt] exploitation and colonial autonom[y]. His analysis of the war is refre[sh]ingly cool and perspicacious af[ter] the battering din of Portuguese a[nd] anti-Portuguese propaganda, bu[t] humane, sympathetic understandi[ng] of nationalist aspirations is nev[er] allowed to cloud his judgments.

Collecting information on [...] policies of non-democratic gover[n]ments and of secretive private co[m]panies is difficult, more so in [a] colonial situation, and more still [in] a time of civil war. This exp[eri]ment in oral history is none [the] less wholly successful. The questi[on] it raises is how should the data f[or] this and future comparable studi[es] be recorded and preserved? Pe[r]haps Dr Middlemas will persua[de] some suitable centre to open a[n] oral history data-bank where note[s,] films, tapes and other research e[vi]dence such as his can be stor[ed] under proper archival conditions.

Intermediate Christians

By Lucy Mair

B. A. PAUW:
Christianity and Xhosa Tradition
Belief and Ritual among Xhosa-speaking Christians
390pp. and 16 illustrations. Oxford University Press. £15.95.

Christian missions have been active in South Africa for a good 150 years, and a number of denominations now have African congregations. Yet the total membership of Christian churches is a minority of the African population, and very few of them are under twenty-five. B. A. Pauw, a missionary's son and himself a former missionary, has spent some years in an intensive study of Christian churches among the Xhosa, whose home is in the eastern part of the Cape Province.

His *Christianity and Xhosa Tradition* is based mainly on the statements of informants chosen to represent contrasting categories—townsmen versus rural dwellers, young versus old, holders of church offices, children of Christian parents and grandparents—but also on observation of ostensibly Christian rituals in which elements derived from Xhosa religion are more or less prominent.

To the first missionaries, conversion entailed the repudiation of all beliefs in supernatural beings and occult practices that did not form part of Christian dogma. Their converts probably more often recognized the Christian God as the source of ultimate power without dethroning the ancestor spirits to whom they had looked in the past, and were no more ready to reject their belief in witchcraft as the cause of their misfortunes than were Protestants in seventeenth-century England. A number of books have been written about breakaway churches which, while calling themselves Christian, perform rituals strongly reminiscent of the ancestor cult and offer protection against witches, but it has been tacitly assumed that those which remain in communion with their parent churches hold the orthodox view on these matters. Dr Pauw's informants were all members of such churches.

He found many who believed that unexpected good luck came from the ancestors, and many who held that sickness could be a punishment sent by them (particularly to persons other than themselves). Some still appease angry ancestors by slaughtering a beast to be consumed at a communal meal of kinsmen, who may eat it at a table with knives and forks. The Xhosa word for such a sacrifice is *idini*; today's euphemistic translation is "dinner".

Dr Pauw witnessed a most interesting ceremony held for the unveiling of tombstones in the graveyard of an extended family who were staunch members of the Methodist Church. The service was conducted by a minister, and some of the family interpreted it as pure commemoration. But others recalled the man most recently dead, who had given his son money to put up a tombstone and was, they said, angry because he had neglected to do so. "Since then we have seldom had a proper church marriage" (i.e., with a virgin bride).

The acid test of belief is recourse in trouble, and the commonest of all troubles is sickness. For a Christian Xhosa there are several options: there are doctors, some practising "scientific" and some "traditional" medicine; there are diviners who will hint at, but not often name, the person whose ill-will is causing the sickness by witchcraft or sorcery; and there is prayer to God. Most of those w[ho] talked to Dr Pauw saw noth[ing] wrong in consulting a diviner, [but] some felt the need to defend th[em]selves against official disapprov[al]: "if we withhold help from him [he] may die". They speak as if pra[yer] was the *only* reaction permitt[ed]; perhaps this reflects the small nu[m]ber of Western-trained doctors [in] the Bantustans. A few were co[m]pletely sceptical, dismissing talk [of] witchcraft as nonsense. The m[ost] popular religious movement of [the] past thirty years was the "News [of] Salvation", led by a Cape Colour[ed] woman who conducted services [of] healing by prayer and set her f[ace] strongly against diviners a[nd] "herbalists". She remained a m[em]ber of the Anglican Church u[ntil] she died in 1964, and did not [try] to create an independent sect.

Dr Pauw's central theme is [...] far the "little tradition" of X[hosa] religion persists side by side [with] the "great tradition" of Christ[ian]ity. He stresses and perhaps o[ver]stresses "the intermediate natur[e of] Xhosa society"; after all, as [the] Marxists tell us every day, [all] societies are intermediate betw[een] one form and another. Anot[her] theory with which he makes und[ue] heavy weather is what may be ca[lled] the witchcraft calculus of Max M[ar]wick: by classifying cases of [sup]posed witchcraft in terms of [the] relationship of accuser and w[itch,] accuser and victim, one identi[fies] in any given society the structu[ral] relationships which are u[nder] greatest strain. But, if one [sees] witchcraft suspicions as express[ions] of hostility and accusations as [ways] of pursuing a quarrel, one sho[uld] know from a direct study of [the] social structure what relationsh[ips] are most likely to involve ill-feel[ing] and quarrels. It is perfectly [pos]sible to discuss witchcraft with[out] the calculus, especially where[...] Dr Pauw tells us of the Xhosa [...] pected witches are hardly [...] named.

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Difficult conclusions

By Michael Irwin

DAVID H. RICHTER:
Fable's End
Completeness and Closure in Rhetorical Fiction
214pp. University of Chicago Press. £6.50.

[...] H. Richter's *Fable's End* has [a] more interesting subject than its [...]ing title would suggest. By [rhet]orical fictions" he means [...]s, "novels whose structure [is gene]rated not by plot but by doc[trines,] themes, attitudes or theses". [...] endings familiar in realistic [...]—marriage or death, for ex[ample]—are likely to be inappro[priate] to a work of this kind be[cause] extrinsic to the argument [tha]t has been designed to ex[...]. Rounding off an apologue [pos]es an awkward technical pro[blem.] Ideally the conclusion should [come] at the point where the argu[ment] seems to have been fully re[alized] ("completion") and should [...] the case that has been made ("closure").

[Prof]essor Richter pursues two [...]ble interests. He wants to [show] the usefulness of analysing [fict]ion of any kind in terms of [the] effectiveness of its conclusion, [and] he wants to say something [about] the nature and the develop[ment] of the apologue. With a can[dour] that is to prove characteristic [he] admits in his preface: "I [starte]d a study of wholeness and [complet]eness in the novel at large [...] to find that I had bitten off [more] than I could chew." His [acco]unt even of the genre to [which] he eventually confined him[self] is scanty. Substantially his [book] consists of detailed studies [of si]x apologues: *Rasselas*, *Can[dide]*, *Lord of the Flies*, *The Stran[ger]*, *V.* and *Catch-22*. It is a selec[tion] so brief and unrepresentative [as to] drastically circumscribe the [possi]bilities of the work as a study [of r]hetorical fiction".

[The] analytical chapters, although [...]ntained, are ordered and [...] to constitute a loose thesis. [Profe]ssor Richter's account of the [first] two fables of his series is [...]ly designed to show how [Johns]on and Voltaire "closed the [...] end" of their respective [work]s. The argument of either [text] is theoretically susceptible of [inde]finite extension in terms of an [...]ing series of exempla; but [each au]thor so selects and shapes [his m]aterial as to create the illu[sion] that by the close of the [...]ire the theme has been [exhau]stively pursued. Moreover [both] stories are concluded with an [...]e that seems, for a variety [of rea]sons, adequately terminal.

[*Lor*]*d of the Flies* is considered [...] out of chronological sequence, [in or]der to highlight what Professor [Richt]er sees as a crucial contrast [of p]urpose and method. He quotes [a sur]prising number of critics who [interp]ret the novel in a purely [reali]stic way, as though it was [...]story. Against this he argues [that] *Lord of the Flies* is as [...]listic" as it is "symbolic": ["an] apologue the apprehen[sion of] whose thesis depends upon [the us]e of techniques developed [and] associated with represented [actio]n, including the techniques [of re]presenting character and [...] states of consciousness". [Whil]e *Rasselas* and *Candide* are [...] to the extent of discourag[ing] any sort of emotional involve[ment] on the reader's part, Professor [Richter] claims that for *Lord of* [*the F*]*lies* and the other post-war [novels] he examines, "emotional [involv]ement" is "a precondition for [intell]ectual assent". The apologue [has a]cquired an extra dimension.

[*The*] *Stranger* is shown to be a [...] more complex still, in that Camus is dramatizing a philosophy a great deal more difficult to comprehend than the familiar brand of pessimism that informs *Lord of the Flies*. The final episode is no mere restatement of a position already well established by the preceding narration. Rather Meursault's attitude to his approaching death represents both an extension and an intensification of the views Camus has been trying to illustrate.

The last two analytical chapters are paired. Thomas Pynchon's *V.* is presented as an example of a "failure of completeness", its moral clouded by redundant allusiveness and "purposeless ambiguity". Pynchon's general message—that Western civilization is in the throes of a terminal disease—is sufficiently plain, but is conveyed without emotional force: "His metaphors remain cold conceits; the novel is itself inanimate." Joseph Heller is seen as succeeding where Pynchon has honourably failed. *Catch-22* becomes Professor Richter's prize exhibit, a contemporary apologue persuasive both emotionally and intellectually, with a structure and conclusion that maximize the impact of the writer's thesis.

As a study of the apologue Professor Richter's book is, to say the least, cavalier. The chronological chasm between *Rasselas* and *Lord of the Flies* leaves a monstrous hole in the argument. One of Professor Richter's main points is that the genre he is discussing has markedly developed from Johnson's day to our own, thanks particularly to the tendency of modern practitioners to move away from the diagrammatic and deal in complex states of consciousness or feeling. An "advance" of this kind between *Rasselas* and *Lord of the Flies* is easily demonstrable, but it is far from self-evident that the development is a recent one. Surely *The Way of All Flesh*, which Professor Richter mentions only in a checklist of relevant fiction, operates in this "modern" way, and so too does *Hard Times*, which he never mentions at all. He describes the relationship between "the new kinds of theses used by contemporary novelists" and the new modes by which a "sense of completeness" is achieved as "the most important result" of his essay. It is a result that seems to have been made possible only by the incompleteness of the investigation.

There are other obvious and unexplained gaps. Kafka, for instance, is referred to only in the final paragraph of the final chapter. *Miss Lonelyhearts* is described in passing as "more successful" than *V.*, but there is no further discussion of Nathanael West. Nothing is said about that notable and traditional species of fable—*The Pardoner's Tale* is an example—in which the message is specifically embodied in the plot. To point out such omissions is not merely to carp, or to imply that Professor Richter's study should or could have been exhaustive.

The sad fact is that the integrity of his theme is in question. Even on the basis of his very limited inquiry he reaches the disappointingly obvious, if sensible, conclusion that the writers under review faced different problems and solved them by different means. There seems to be a real possibility that if his range of inquiry had been wider he would have salvaged no general inferences at all. His subject might have undefined itself out of existence, in that "rhetorical fiction" would have ceased to be recognizable as a discrete genre. Of the examples Professor Richter offers, *Lord of the Flies* and *The Stranger* are arguably akin to *Rasselas* in that their starting-point seems to have been a set of ideas rather than an imaginative vision. But *Catch-22* looks to be a different animal. Professor Richter claims that the fragmentation of the narrative induces us to respond to the novel in terms of argument rather than story. There is some truth in this view, but not enough to make it seem natural to adopt Professor Richter's terminology and talk about "Heller's thesis". It looks as though an apologue with emotional force could be in practice prove indistinguishable from a "conventional" novel charged with a social or political message.

Fortunately the insufficiency of Professor Richter's book as a coherent study of the apologue by no means deprives it of merit. The technique he expounds and employs of catching a work of fiction by the tail has great potentialities. His attempt to judge the significance and suitability of the ending of a given narrative leads him naturally into a scrupulous and well-focused examination of the entire work. If the programme he sketches for a history of the rhetorical novel looks bleakly unpromising, his claims for the value of "studies in completion and closure" seem well justified. He is in any case a good critic, painstaking, cheerful and honest. His dismissive verdict on *V.*, for instance, has authority because it grows out of a sustained and sympathetic attempt to grasp what Pynchon is trying to do. Although Professor Richter has some useful things to say about Johnson and Voltaire it would seem, on the evidence of this book, that his essential interest is not didactic fiction in general but its modern gothic variants. "It is obvious", he remarks, "that the vogue of the rhetorical novel on the contemporary literary scene cries out for explanation." He seems to have the enthusiasm and the critical intelligence to contribute a substantial part of that explanation himself.

The search for the seeker

By R. F. Christian

E. B. GREENWOOD:
Tolstoy: The Comprehensive Vision
184pp. Dent. £4.75.

E. B. Greenwood's *Tolstoy: The Comprehensive Vision*, a study of Tolstoy as artist and thinker, is a praiseworthy achievement. Unlike some recent rivals in the field, he believes that what is important to Tolstoy should also be important to the person writing about him, and his book is sympathetic, though not idolatrous. Put crudely, his approach is to use Tolstoy as a pretext for thinking out for himself the fundamental problems of history, religion and art which exercised Tolstoy throughout his life and "to have something to say both to those interested in the novel and to those interested in philosophy and religion".

A specialist in English literature, Mr Greenwood follows the example of several distinguished colleagues in Britain and America who have felt inspired to write on Russian themes: indeed, this is becoming so common that one wonders whether professional qualifications in Russian language and literature may actually be a liability to the student of the Russian novel! The bibliography suggests that the author reads Russian, although there is no reference to the ninety-volume Soviet edition of Tolstoy's works and the quotations are mostly from Maude's translations.

When Mr Greenwood writes about Tolstoy's lesser fiction, he follows fairly predictable lines, emphasizing the connexions between the early stories and the diary entries, acknowledging the superiority of *Childhood* to *Boyhood* and *Youth*, and indicating the continuity within change of the early and late Tolstoy—leaning heavily in fact on Boris Eykhenbaum, by common consent the most original and influential Tolstoyan scholar. He has nothing new to say about *The Cossacks* or *Resurrection*, but makes some shrewd remarks about *Childhood* and one or two of the minor stories (surprisingly, the undistinguished *Lucerne* is given a chapter to itself, as illustrating Tolstoy's hostile attitude to the West).

The central chapters are undoubtedly the most valuable part of the book: four of them deal wholly or mainly with *War and Peace* and one (regrettably only one) with *Anna Karenina*. Mr Greenwood demonstrates convincingly that Tolstoy, although opposed in general to historicism, himself succumbed to it in *War and Peace*. He concedes that while Tolstoy claimed truth as his first concern, historical truth had to give way when it conflicted with his deepest moral convictions. He is good at pinpointing the contradictions in Tolstoy's treatment of Napoleon and is right to emphasize the atypicality of the Battle of Borodino as a prop to support a general thesis about war.

On the question of genre, he regards *War and Peace* as a fascinating "sport", though possibly flawed as art, but he writes with acumen about Tolstoy's and his major characters' "comprehensive vision" in that novel, and the ways in which unity of tone is achieved.

Nevertheless, *War and Peace* yields pride of place in his estimation to *Anna Karenina* as Tolstoy's "supreme masterpiece" (one can tell a lot about a man from knowing which he thinks is the greater novel!), and his chapter "Tragedy, Contingency and the Meaning of Life in *Anna Karenina*" is the best in the book. Its central thesis that "the events which Anna and Vronsky have set in motion by their free choices bring about situations which greatly restrict the possibilities of choice" and which "seem to have a certain autonomy even from the wishes of the author, as well as from those of the characters themselves", has much more to recommend it than the view which puts the blame for Anna's tragedy on Tolstoy's vindictiveness or the hypocrisy of society.

While Mr Greenwood is primarily a literary critic, he declares his intention from the start to widen his terms of reference, and shows little patience with those people, from Turgenev onwards, who regret that Tolstoy concerned himself with religious, moral and social problems instead of "sticking to literature". He clearly admires the seeker in Tolstoy, his relentless quest for an answer to the meaning of life which death would not invalidate, although he does not identify himself with any of Tolstoy's solutions, and even refers, unfairly, to his vegetarianism as a fad. His usual method is to turn first to the authorities in each problem under discussion—Eykhenbaum, Popper, Berlin, Wittgenstein and others—and to quote a relevant passage from them, so that the reader is presented with the expert pronouncements of philosophers, historians and biblical scholars, as well as the author's own glosses on them. Not that we are any nearer "the truth about Tolstoy" at the end of the day, but the journey is a stimulating one, and there is much to admire on the way.

It is good to see, incidentally, a word of praise for Maude's pioneering biography of Tolstoy, at a time when it is fashionable for those who write about him to belittle the man, while extolling the artist. Perhaps something of Tolstoy's style has brushed off on Mr Greenwood, for he shows the same fondness for short, pithy chapters, classifications by threes and even the occasional repetition. Minor inconsistencies of transliteration and a few glimpses of the obvious hardly mar this thoughtful, lucid and well-written study.

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TLS Commentary

Conspicuous waste

No longer look in despair upon the rising tide of old gas bills, Social Security leaflets, bus tickets, out-of-date dog licences, MOT test certificates for the car before last and free fish-finger vouchers which silt up your life. They are not the garbage you think they are. They qualify as ephemera, "often neglected objects from the attic or paper-bin", and could even contribute to the newly-formed Ephemera Society's ultimate purpose of undertaking "research and educational projects" and providing "a permanent institutional framework as the internationally recognized body for the study, conservation and display of ephemera."

The president of the Ephemera Society is Sir John Betjeman, and the eight founding council members are all established collectors. Their definition of ephemera is "items specifically designed for a limited useful life and throw-away disposal". They give as examples leaflets, notices, receipts, trade cards, laundry lists, certificates, summonses, bills of lading, licences, indentures, permits, rent demands, timetables, tax forms, wrappers, magazines, sale notices, call-up papers, membership cards, menus, mourning cards, instruction sheets, greeting cards, school reports, advertising. Most people collect these involuntarily; to do so on purpose seems to be making a vice of necessity—that way madness lies.

One function of the society is to serve as a "formal clearing-house and repository for items of ephemera which might otherwise be destroyed". Government departments, commercial concerns and private individuals are "invited to make use of this service". This makes the society's base at 10 Fitzroy Square potentially the largest—if the most valuable—waste-paper bin in the country. The chairman Maurice Rickards, whose private address this is, may live to regret his offer as first the house and then the square fill up with wheelbarrows of old circulars from Whitehall.

If modern ephemera are mostly acquired for nothing and quite indiscriminately—not to say promiscuously—there is considerably more point in special-interest collections, illustrating, say, the development of typographical design or packaging; or material on a single historical character or social phenomenon. The society's chairman, for example, is "particularly interested in poignant human items concerning . . . illiteracy, the workhouse, slavery and prison".

The Ephemera Society is celebrating its birth with an inaugural exhibition, "This is Ephemera", to be held at Paper Point (Wiggins Teape's advice centre and showcase of paper products for designers at 63 Poland Street, London, W1). The exhibition includes a dosshouse ticket, a Victorian "electric corset" leaflet, an eighteenth-century contraceptive seller's trade-card, a goldrush miner's permit and an 1805 invasion warning. The thousand-item show is "culled from the cream" of the collections of the founder members, and consists mainly of valuable older items; but among the modern exhibits is promised "a kidney donor's consent card". The exhibition is open from November 11-28.

The rating on the wall

There was a strike among the props men at Thames Television when Michael Bentine introduced the first edition of *Arts Bazaar*. So he was obliged to show us a few of his jude bits and pieces in a hastily improvised way, fishing them out of his pocket one by one and posing them on his velvet sleeve. It was like the vicar filling-in with a few dimly remembered turns at the Hallowe'en Social. Later in the programme Mr Bentine considered Mark Boyle's casts of square footages of Shepherd's Bush (from the Serpentine Gallery). Quite fantastic, quite marvellous, quite a giggle. Mark Boyle had a few dazed words to say and after that Peter Maxwell Davies led the way into a performance of a "latest" work, as they always say on these occasions.

The thinking behind *Arts Bazaar* appears to be that art is fun, funny and well; in a week that saw the first television showing of *Dr No*, what do bottom ratings matter anyway? Mr Bentine is obviously the man for the job. He says he likes art, always has; he's a funny man and available, besides which anyone can do an arts programme. The creeping terror that runs through all art-on-TV organizations is that whatever is done, whatever the format, it will never achieve the ratings of Bruce Forsyth and *The Generation Game*. Forsyth? Hold on now, how about him? In conversation with Leonard Bernstein. Singalong with Aida. Have a go with Henry Moore. Hockney's Golden Shot. Forget Bentine, he's just a would-be. But Bruce now. He has the charm, the cheekiness, the persona to put art across to the mums. Must suit all tastes. Then everyone will be happy. Apart from the cynics that is, and the scoffers and all those artworld fairies who are never satisfied.

The story of Big O

The chipmunk's treadmill of fashion has inexorably brought round the charming faded erotica which, under the sign of the Big O, enthralled our grandparents way back in the funless 1950s. Olympia and the sweet Ophelia: chips off the old Obelisk. Those dainty manuals of the Traveller's Companion series—so much more convenient for slipping into one's shoes than a great tombstone like *Ulysses*—have a period quaintness, even if much of it now might be serialized in the *Methodist Recorder*, as it were. So P. J. Kearney's *The Olympia Press 1953-65: a Handlist* (from the compiler, 36 Broadway Court, London N8) comes at a suitable moment for indulgent nostalgia.

But this booklet, avowedly tentative in all but price (34pp, £1.50, limited to 250 copies) offers a deal more than that. If one thought of *Lolita* as an isolated good deed in a naughty world, it is salutary to be reminded that Maurice Girodias also published *Watt*, *Molloy*, *The Naked Lunch*, *The Ginger Man*, and *The Casement Diaries*, as well as keeping in print Henry Miller, Lawrence Durrell, John Cleland, and offering translations of Sade, Genet, and less sellable erotica like *Histoire d'O*.

Where were English publishers of greater *gravitas* while all this was going on? Preparing themselves, after thirty years, to do battle for the honour of Lady Chatterley (which, as Groucho Marx observed of Marguerite Dumont, is more than she ever did). Some of M Girodias's techniques do not commend themselves to the purist: the omission of Jean Paulhan's essay from some issues of *Histoire d'O*, his cavalier way with the fifth volume of Frank Harris's *My Life and Loves*; when negotiations for the genuine article broke down, Alexander Trocchi was commissioned to write a substitute.

Mr Kearney also exposes a number of pseudonyms, some already known, some new, some to be treated with caution. If Count Palmiro Vicarion's *Book of Limericks* was not a great advance on Norman Douglas's, it at least brought Christopher Logue a wide public, and similarly the activities of Akbar del Piombo, Francis Lengel and Ataullah Mardaan kept their originators fed and off the streets. But Mr Kearney is wrong in his identification of Olympia's top property, Marcus van Heller; none of the titles published over this pseudonym are by John Coleman, though some may be by John Stevenson, here identified as the original of Robert Desmond.

The enterprise was another victim of permissiveness: though it lingered on until 1965, the last burst of activity was in 1962 with *The Beaten and the Hungry* by Bernhardt von Soda and *The Corpse Wore Grey* and *Whipsdom* by Greta X. Another world that ended not with a bang but a whimper.

Sonnet: Afterwards

When I am gone, the whole satirical setup
will carry on as before—into the foreseeable future
the world will fill itself like a basin of water
with all the archetypes. The lonely, the mother-fixated,
the psychopaths, the deviants. The big superstitious religions
will enrol from birth their thousands and tens of thousands.
The smug, the respected, the cheer-leaders, the purse-proud.
People will still believe it is right to kill people.

I shall have done little enough to improve the cosmos—
my political influence nil, my personal kindness
only a drop in an ocean where already the children
are born who will commit the next century's murders,
my love so transient it's pathetic. They'll say (if I'm lucky)
He wrote some silly poems, and some of them were funny.

Gavin Ewart

Sacheverell Sitwell's The Parrot, *with decorations by E. McKnight Kauffer, was one of the broadsheets published in the 1920s and 1930s by Harold Munro's Poetry Bookshop. The broadsheet is included, with others decorated by Paul Nash, in the catalogue of Décor, a gallery specializing in theatre and fashion designs which opens this month in Argyll Road, London W8 (viewing by appointment—937 3702). There are opera designs, designs for ballet, musicals and films as well as plays and costume designs by, among others, Bakst, Benois, Gordon Craig, Gontcharova, Lovat Fraser, Erté and Cecil Beaton. Decor also has a selection of work from the late nineteenth century: by Wilhelm, for instance, who designed the Adeline Genée ballets at the Empire Music Hall and Percy Anderson who designed the first production of Chu Chin Chow.*

Hickey Lives!

'Although so ill that I could scarcely hold up my head, I got into a hackney coach, directing to be driven to St Albans Street. I vomited out of the coach window the whole way, to the great amusement of the foot passengers.' Yet another Hickey hangover. But William Hickey's life was much more than a procession from tavern to cat-house and back again. His famous memoirs give us an incomparable picture of life in the eighteenth century in London, India, China, Jamaica. Living social history. A clever barrister who lived life to the full and was able to write it all down in his old age. This new edition of *The Memoirs of William Hickey* edited by Peter Quennell (470 pages, 16 plates, £5.95) contains material that has never before appeared in print.

Routledge & Kegan Paul

Shakespearean frequencies

By Philip Brockbank

MARVIN SPEVACK:
The Harvard Concordance to Shakespeare
...pp. Oxford University Press.

...that the new computer-...ated Shakespeare concordances ...at our disposal we may wonder ...quest for an objectively ...ished canon, text and critical ...y is about to be renewed ...fresh vigour. Aristotle's observ...that "the man of education ...seek exactness so far in each ...as the nature of the thing ..." may no longer constrain ...current enterprise in literary ...fication attests to a convic...that numbers can go anywhere ...that rhetoric, *pace* Aristotle, is ...disposal of mathematics. ...one point of view it looks like ...Comtean eagerness for a com...positive science of litera...ristics" as a colleague ...called it); from another, it is ...back to Pythagoras's pre...with mathematical, ...and moral harmony; and ...again, we may be back in ...where puddings are cast ...cycloids, ducks trussed as ...and professors with ...of wire and paper make ...strictest Computation of the ...Proportion there is in Books ...the Numbers of Particles, ...and Verbs, and other Parts ...Speech". From *The Harvard ...dance to Shakespeare*, ...Spevack's "first complete ...able one-volume guide to ...word-and phrase in Shakes... Gulliver might have learnt ...that *it* has a relative ...of 0.9102, *love* of 0.2553, ...only 0.0206, *gorbellied* of ...*goot* of 0.0004.

...concordance has been ...from the tapes prepared ...*Complete and Systematic ...to the Works of Shake...* published in six volumes by ...Spevack between 1968 and ...corresponds, but in a new ...lucid format, to volumes ...of the earlier version. ...will be content to have ...access to the larger work, ...this splendid single volume ...able, many may wonder if ...has come to set aside the ...that has apparently served ...well for eighty years, ...prepare for whatever new ...of Shakespeare the ...may be about to assist us

...may make occasional use of ...dance for locating half... lines or recalling a ...from a forgotten context, ...speakers can hunt out ...to surprising purpose ...delight in physics"), and, as ...reminds us, authors can ...for their books (or even ...for their plays, as Shaw ...*The Dark Lady of the Son...* For these and other casual ...Bartlett serves as well as ...Indeed, many browsers ...words, may well prefer the ...and ampler contexts ...by Bartlett. "How easy it ...put 'years' to the word ...Moth," and study three ...two words". In Bartlett ...comes complete and can ...in the concordance, but ...Spevack's computer puts ...a context reading, "easy ...put 'years' to the word ...and *words* into another, ...three years in two ...the dancing", leaving the ...perplexed in the extreme.

...computer was instructed to ...context by scanning to ...right of the lemma looking ...stops (periods or their equi...half-stops (commas, dashes ...parentheses) and verse-line end... a priority above the half... to a coincidence of half... verse-line ending. The ...usually satisfactory and to ...referred to the typographical ...in the *Oxford Shakespeare ...* edited by Howard ...but Bartlett's hand-made con... often better than either. ...the *Oxford Concordance* for ...for example, has under

...way it takes: cracking ten ...Curbes, ...thousand curbs of

and Bartlett
cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder.

Thus it often happens that a Bartlett entry tells us more in itself about Shakespeare's use of a word than a Spevack one (compare, for example, the two presentations of *trespass* in *Henry VI Part 2* and *Othello*), and it can sometimes offer first-aid to save reference back to the text (as when it supplies *horns* in square brackets to explain the rascal deer in *As You Like It*, III, 3, 58). But the advantages are not decisive.

Bartlett is more modest in scope, with only about half the number of references, and is marred by accidental as well as deliberate omissions and also by needless complexities of presentation. These are likely to frustrate and mislead the more systematic student of Shakespeare who looks to a concordance in pursuit of clues to the themes and preoccupations of the plays, noticing perhaps, as William Empson once did, the high incidence of *honest* in *Othello*, or, more tantalizingly, of *home* in *The Comedy of Errors* and *Coriolanus*. He might find from Spevack that *word* and *words* occur forty-eight times in *Love's Labour's Lost*, thirty-six in *Richard II*, thirty-five in *Troilus and Cressida* and only three in *The Tempest*. Of the *Love's Labour's Lost* occurrences, Bartlett failed to catch four (at I, 1, 222; II, 1, 194; II, 1, 197 and V, 2, 254). Here, as often, Bartlett's omissions happen in expendable phrases ("Sir I pray you, a word") and are unlikely to trouble the quotation-hunter.

Elsewhere, differences of presentation between the concordances disguise the many omissions and anomalies. *Noble*, for example, is used twenty-five times in *Timon of Athens* and all occurrences are recorded under Spevack's *noble*. Bartlett has only four contexts under *noble* with thirteen more distributed between the many phrases (from *noble act* to *noble youth*) to which he accords a separate entry; four approximate references are offered for *my noble lord* and *noble lord* (which occur six times in the play), and seven occurrences are omitted. The omissions comprise five of *noble Timon*, one of *noble, worthy Timon* and one of *noble Ventidius*, and since Bartlett has lemmas for *noble Hamlet*, *noble Cato* and others, it looks as though he intended to supply them for *noble Timon* and the others but by an oversight failed to do so. There are other, more arbitrary omissions too. Thus a random check found five occurrences of *tell* omitted by Bartlett from *Antony and Cleopatra* and one from *Pericles*, with *Tell us* unrecorded for *The Taming of the Shrew* III 1, 43. It is likely that there are many such failures. For certain analytic purposes, such as supplying material for the study of Shakespeare's handling of key words, Professor Spevack's computer has proved Bartlett undependable. The approach to completeness in Spevack more than atones for the inadequacy and occasional disciplined idiocy of the computer's contexts. If Barlett's treatment of Pandarus's song under *Oh* is more readable than Spevack's, it must be allowed that the computer's dozen renderings of *O ho's*, *ha, ha, ha's* and *ha, ha, ha's* exhaust the possibilities completely. It is the business of computers to count, not to read, and who wants to read a concordance anyway?

Both Bartlett's concordance and Spevack's are inescapably circumscribed by the editorially processed and modernized texts upon which they are based. One must therefore swallow hard in face of Professor Spevack's prefatory claim that his work "lists alphabetically all words exactly as they appear in Shakespeare". The claim, nevertheless, has a degree of validity. The Riverside Shakespeare, edited by Blakemore Evans, does far less to efface the history of the language and to mask Shakespearean idiosyncrasies than does the 1875 Globe which served Bartlett. Thus Professor Evans and Professor Spevack preserve forms like *bile* in Lear's "Thou art a bile, a plague-sore", where Barlett's Globe gives *boil*, and Spevack's cross-reference under *boil* makes it appear that Shakespeare never used that spelling for the sense "sore". Spevack admits ninety-six uses of *murther* and only twenty-five of *murder*, as against a full complement of *murders* in Bartlett. The Folio's *mushrumps* is retained by Spevack but rendered as *mushrooms* by Bartlett. Both *vild* and *vile* are admitted to Spevack but only *vile* to Bartlett. Spevack has *randont* and *randon*, Barlett only *random*.

There are many such examples, and often the Riverside text proves conservative enough to serve as a record of the apparently preferred published Shakespearean spellings. Unfortunately, however, for editorial purposes, this cannot be consistently the case. Only a complete and integrated concordance of all the graphic forms of the early editions could serve as a basis for a statistically generated old-spelling text.

Professor Evans is compelled to regularize and normalize in order to make a text readily acceptable to a modern reader. Any comparison with the Oxford concordances will reveal hundreds of tiny editorial regularizations which quite properly find no record in Spevack. In the *Merry Wives*, for example, two *okes* become *oaks*, *Irish-man* becomes *Irishman*, *joynture* is given as *jointure* and *intot* as *into't*. Neither the editor nor the computer is at fault, of course, but from the evident care taken to preserve selected archaic forms, an unguarded user might suppose himself much closer to the words "exactly as they appear in Shakespeare" than he actually is. Excessive solicitude for selected inconsistencies appears in the preservation of the twin forms *dewlapp'd* and *dewlapp'd*, *crocodile* and *crocadile*, and *Portigal* and *Portugal*. Spevack keeps six instances of *aleven* with twenty of *eleven*; but an editor wishing to choose between these possibilities in an Elizabethan text would have to find out for himself that the second quarto of *Hamlet* reads "a leauen", and that of the two *Romeo and Juliet* instances, the one at 1323 is an editorial emendation of the second quarto's "eleven" and that at 1335 a rendering of its "a leven". Evans has decided that the preserved forms are Shakespeare's; the editor who thinks that some are the compositor's must look for his evidence in the Oxford concordances and not in Spevack's transmission of Evans's conclusions. Similarly, an editor trying to verify claims made about Shakespeare's use of *Oh!* and *O!* will find that Spevack has eliminated, for the sake of editorial consistency, all the *Oh!s*.

Linguists will nevertheless often find reason to be grateful for Evans's conservative editing. There is, for example, a puzzling relationship between *more* and *moe*, with some reason for believing that *moe* often related to number and *more* to degree. Spevack lists forty-nine instances of *moe* from Professor Evans's text, as against the Globe's twenty-eight in Bartlett, bringing the material to a riper point for investigation. The conservatism yields some convincing recoveries of lost words (*Triumphery* for *Triumviry*), some precarious ones (*loff* for *laugh*, *lulling* for *lolling*), and some to brood upon (*rarieties* for *rarities*, and both *suppeago* and *sapego* for Bartlett's *serpigo*). Most of the important emendations are distinguished in the lemma by a slash, but there is no way of telling from Spevack that the second quarto of *Hamlet* (Evans's copy-text) has thirteen *Gertrards* and not a single *Gertrude*—at what point can a name be said to be emended rather than regularized? Other little anomalies could be hunted out. Bartlett has two instances of *etcetera*, one from *Henry IV Part II* and the other from *Romeo and Juliet*; Spevack has the first but not the second; neither apparently has a third instance, that from *Troilus and Cressida*, III, 3, 278. It takes a little foreknowledge and persistence to discover that in *Romeo and Juliet* Spevack follows Professor Evans's adaptation of the reading *open-arse* for *open etcetera*, and that he records the *Troilus* instance under both /ET and /CETERA (as an emendation of the Folio's *&co.*).

The new concordance assimilates the poems and counts among the plays *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and the additions to *Sir Thomas More*, all the texts except the last being those of the Riverside Shakespeare. It does not include stage directions, which will disappoint browsers looking for traces of Shakespeare's theatre—for the tarras, for Tawyer, or Will Kemp. And it inevitably loses the readings from the Folio, the quartos and from other editors that the Riverside text has rejected —Hamlet's *solid* flesh is gone with Mistress Quickly's *table* of green fields and Timon's "pasture that lards the *rother's* sides".

For most of the purposes of Shakespearean study, and for all but the most ambitious editorial tasks and linguistic inquiries, the new one-volume concordance is invaluable, and one's residual criticisms and bewilderments remain marginal. Using the Linotron 505 phototypesetting system, there should be little room for error be...

Laurence Olivier, aged 14, as Katharina in The Taming of the Shrew *at All Saints choir school, Margaret Street, just north of Oxford Circus. The photograph, taken in the early 1920s, appears in John Cottrell's* Laurence Olivier, *(433pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £6), which will be reviewed in a future issue of* TLS.

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tween the tapes and the page, and the three dozen errors reported in the corrigenda look like late emendments to the Riverside text (e.g., *Yes* for *No* in *Henry VI Part 3*, I, i 93) and not errors of transmission between text and computer.

The layout and clarity of the page are admirable, but although one quickly adapts to the computer-assisted way of setting all the lemmas in upper case and the contexts in lower, there are some awkward consequences. Among Shakespeare's twenty-five *tigers*, for example, lower case conceals a tavern and two ships. In Bartlett, "patience on a monument Smiling at grief" comes with a small p, while "Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling. Extremity out of act" has a large one; in Evans's text there are two capital Ps, both effaced by the concordance's computer. The editor hesitating about the figures on the monument and wondering how many times Shakespeare's printed text capitalized "Patience" and "Grief" must still make his way through the many volumes of the Oxford concordance. But that is a pastime for the professor in Laputa.

Meanwhile the professor's heirs have been at work on Swift himself, and it is reliably reported that a computer analysis based on Introductory Connectives, Verbals and Different patterns, while serving to distinguish Swift from Gibbon and Macaulay, fail to distinguish him from Arbuthnot, Wagstaffe and the other *Miscellany* writers who are most easily confounded with him. "The mysteries of Swift's greatness", it has been confessed, "remain hidden"; but one element of his greatness is that he taught us not to hope too much from wire and paper. It is nevertheless true that the computer has made possible a far more intricate mode of quantitative literary analysis than the Shakespeare disintegrators aspired to at the turn of the century, or G. W. Yule thought out in his *Statistical Study of Literary Vocabulary* thirty years ago. The student of Shakespeare may look to this concordance and to the computer for two kinds of service—that which bears on literary history, including problems of date, authorship and literary genesis, and that which discovers in literary art orders and symmetries of language which elude unsystematic attention, but he must expect to be often disappointed and prepare to guard himself against the frustration and desolation which results from trying to thrust all responsibility for judgment upon a machine. Professor Spevack has made an auspicious fresh start, and it is good to report that in his concordance "1,745 select insertions were assembled with no help from the computer".

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To the Editor

'The Writer as Liar'

Sir,—The main point I am trying to argue in *The Writer as Liar* is that there are writers, such as Dante, who are unable to patrol the boundary between life and art; others, such as Boccaccio, who succeed in keeping the two strictly segregated. In other words, not all writers are equal liars; or, if you prefer, there are liars and bloody liars. When your reviewer (October 31) claims that the title of my book amounts to no more than the uninformative truism that fiction is fictitious, she is misrepresenting my views.

GUIDO ALMANSI.
University of East Anglia, Norwich NR4 7TJ.

Montale

Sir,—With reference to your remarks on Eugenio Montale in Commentary (October 31) it may interest your readers to know that a selection of Montale's poetry is available (translated by Keith Bosley, G. Singh and Bernard Wall) in the Yeats/Montale issue of *Agenda*, price £1 (including postage) from Agenda Editions, 5 Cranbourne Court, Albert Bridge Road, London SW11 4PE.

WILLIAM COOKSON.
London, SW11.

Belli in Translation

Sir,—Anthony Burgess is wrong in stating (October 31) that the sonnets of the Roman dialect poet Belli have "never been translated". It is also far from true to say that his work is "not known at all". A demotic American version of around fifty of the sonnets was published in 1960: *The Roman Sonnets of Giuseppe Gioachino Belli*, translated by Harold Norse (Jargon Books). More recently, Robert Garioch has published some extremely ingenious versions in Scots; examples of these will be found in his *Selected Poems* and *Doktor Faust in Rose Street* (both from M. Macdonald).

EDWIN MORGAN.
19 Whittingehame Court, Glasgow G12 0BG.

Boccaccio

Sir,—"Who but scholars have read—or even heard of—*De claribus mulieribus* or *De casibus virorum illustrorum*?" we are asked in "Back to Boccaccio" (Commentary, October 31). Alas! Mere non-scholars have had access only to *de claris mulieribus* or *de casibus virorum et feminarum illustrium*. Perhaps now "Back to Benjamin Hall Kennedy"?

E. V. C. PLUMPTRE.
The Close, Ratton Village, Eastbourne BN20 9BW.

John Locke Re-edited

Sir,—The new edition of Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, reviewed by Gilbert Ryle (September 19), is clearly very welcome, representing as it does great industry on the part of its editor, Peter H. Nidditch, and heralding the publication of Locke's writings in many future volumes. Its appearance does, however, give an opportunity to raise questions in public about the editorial policy for the succeeding volumes—lessons, if there are any, which may be learnt from the Nidditch edition. Professor Ryle has already emphasized the doubtful value of the glossary and the register of formal variants, and he contrasts this with the "solitary page describing the *Essay*'s contribution to philosophy".

I would like to endorse and to strengthen Ryle's comment. Locke's *Essay* is inseparable from both its author and its times and it is my opinion that the Clarendon edition of Locke should, so far as money permits, attempt not only to give us the most reliable text possible but also to encourage those who might not otherwise turn to these editions some basis for understanding Locke's works, their context, and their implications. Other recent scholarly editions of Locke's writings (such as Laslett's edition of the *Two Treatises of Government*, Axtell's Introduction to the *Educational Writings*, and Yolton's edition of the *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*) have included excellent introductions, which are both stimulating to the scholar and sources for the early student of Locke's works. There is probably no living man who can claim a comprehensive knowledge of all the subjects on which Locke wrote major works. Even the scholars stand to gain much from the expertise which each editor can bring to his particular edition.

On another issue raised by Professor Ryle, although he is surely correct to see one of Locke's primary targets in the *Essay* as the "Controversies, Wranglings and Disputes of others" he is equally surely wrong to see these as being confined to issues in morals and religion. The nearly twenty years which Locke took to compose the *Essay* were filled with major disputes on virtually every aspect of every subject, not least within what we would now call the sciences. Locke was well versed in these disputes, participated in them—as Wood reminds us, in chemistry class he was "prating and troublesome"—and he rightly was aware that until men learnt the limits of knowledge there would be no end to barren, not to say dangerous, disputation.

G. A. J. ROGERS.
Department of Philosophy, Keele, Staffordshire ST5 5BG.

'T. S. Eliot Review'

Sir,—In a letter to the *TLS* on May 11, 1973, I announced the launching of the *T. S. Eliot Newsletter*. The journal, now in its second year, is appearing under the new title *T. S. Eliot Review*—a name that, I believe, more accurately reflects the paper's character. We are still interested in reporting news about books published, dissertations completed, and works in progress. However, we are specially looking for research-based, full-length articles and shorter "notes". An annotated "Bibliographical Update", and long, signed book reviews and review-articles are the other features of *TSER*. Editorial submissions and orders should be sent to me.

SHYAMAL BAGCHEE.
T. S. Eliot Review, English Department, York University, Downsview, Ontario.

Class in America

Sir,—As an American who by background and education straddles both middle and working class, I would like to comment upon Alex Keyssar's review of Andrew Levison's *The Working Class Majority* (October 17).

Not unlike most observers of American society, Mr Keyssar and Mr Levison fail to remark the full importance of ethnicity and religion as major determinants of social status and class. Mr Keyssar is right to question Mr Levison's statement that "mere error and isolation led middle-class progressives to accept myths about the working class". At best such thinking is politically naive.

What both fail to discern however is that the estrangement that has emerged over the past ten years between the white working class and liberal elite can be adequately explained only in terms of differences of long standing that pit Catholic ethnic America against a largely Protestant (and in some quarters, Jewish) elite. These differences were exacerbated during the 1960s by the marked elitism of the New Left which was not only upper-middle-class in origin, but openly contemptuous of blue-collar workers and occupations. Indeed, the New Left conspicuously bypassed the white working class in favour of an "alliance" with marginal groups such as welfare mothers and Black Panthers in the joint enterprise of ripping off society's extensions of a parental establishment.

The unfortunate consequences of such a course are all too evident in the split between the labour and progressive wings of the Democratic Party—a split that reflects more often than not contrasting styles of rhetoric rather than a disparity of interests and goals.

LYNN GARAFOLA.
202 West 81st Street, New York, NY 10024.

Bertrand Russell

Sir,—I think it a pity that Rosemary Dinnage, in her well-written review (October 31) of Ronald W. Clark's biography of Bertrand Russell, should have arrived at the silly conclusion that Russell "may yet be remembered for his love letters rather than his works of logic". This is, indeed, an impression that one might gain from Mr Clark's book, but Mr Clark has strangely contrived to write a very long life of a great philosopher, without displaying the faintest understanding of his philosophy.

A. J. AYER.
New College, Oxford.

Mediate and Immediate

Sir,—My point (Letters, September 5) was and is a simple one: Geoffrey Hartman misreads Cassirer and Denis Donoghue neglected to correct the error. In a footnote in *Beyond Formalism* (page 108), Professor Hartman writes: "I borrow the phrase 'the curse of mediacy' from Ernst Cassirer, who says that language is bound to obscure what it seeks to reveal." Cassirer himself says no such thing: the marvellous phrase occurs in his generous redaction of a philosophy of language which he is at pains to reject, root and branch.

Maurice Blanchot's "new and hard concept of mediation" (Professor Hartman's phrase, quoted in his letter of October 24) may have an interest of its own, but it has nothing to do with what Cassirer "says". To claim that a notion of language as a currency, a means of negotiation between two realms, of symbols as filler for a "void" is consonant with Cassirer's conception of language and other symbolic forms as *organs of reality* only compounds the original error.

ANN E. BERTHOFF.
Department of English, University of Massachusetts, Boston, Massachusetts 02125.

Ibo and Igbo

Sir,—I think it is a bit naive to suggest, as D. A. N. Jones has done in his letter (October 24), that "confusion" could arise from the concurrent use of two slightly different spelling forms, "Ibo" and "Igbo", apparently because he knows a Yoruba town by name Ijebu-Igbo.

Nevertheless, I feel I should seek clarification on one point, and add a little comment, hopefully to reassure Mr Jones that morphological change in human languages is not such a rarity that the present one would herald confusion!

The former is: what in fact does Mr Jones or his informant, "a p[...] officer at Nigeria House", mean [by] "the 'more standard' spelling [in] this context? Igbo, like most [Afri]can languages and the people [they] signify, was unwritten prior to [con]tact with European missionaries. [The] orthography established by the p[ion]eer *translators*, who were not n[eces]sarily trained linguists, seem[s to] have been based on a twin princ[iple] of (a) nearest equivalent in [the] Roman script to the sounds of indigenous African tongues, and [(b)] adaptation to the phonology of [the] translator's mother tongue. H[ence] the partly anglicized form "I[bo]" which is at the same time no[t] remote from "Igbo"—a more [accu]rate representation, on the ba[sis of] the first principle, of the [...] people's own usage.

I may add here that the [...] signified by the combination gb [is a] common one in several West [Afri]can languages—Igbo, Yoruba, [...] Akan (Fante); therefore the [cur]rent effort to make "Igbo" [the] accepted literary form, with [refer]ence to both the language and [its] native speakers, is in line with [the] new spirit of cultural reevalu[ation] in black Africa.

I. CHUKWUKE[...]
Jesus College, Oxford.

Schopenhauer

Sir,—How unfortunate that fo[llow]ing a spirited plea for more re[fin]ing terms for translators, [...] Heller misnames the translator [and] critic who brought Schopenhauer [to] the attention of English re[aders] (October 10). The gentleman [was] John Oxenford, not Oxenbridge.

EVELYN LIL[...]
1141 Park Hills Road, Berk[eley,] California 94708.

'Edward Young'

Sir,—Johnson, Boswell, W[...] Fanny Burney, Coleridge, [...] Wordsworth praised Young's po[em] and Blake illustrated it. It [is] enough to dismiss Young, as [Mr] Fuller does in his review of *Edward Young* in the *TLS* for [Octo]ber 10, as "tripish". This p[oem] moved readers throughout [the] Romantic period, and I do not [find] my knowledge of that move[ment] complete without understa[nding] why.

Mr Fuller, inexplicably, fin[ds] comment that poetry is "an [epis]temological, verbal, event in [which] the reader's reality is affec[ted]" evidence of some kind of con[fusion] I apparently suffered in Camb[ridge,] Massachusetts. I. A. Richa[rds, I] recall, said pretty much the [same] thing in his *Principles of Li[terary] Criticism* some decades ago, an[d] poetry, one notes, is still acc[epted] by the *TLS*.

For a Yorkshireman like my[self] it is too much to be accuse[d of] "transatlantic gobbledegook". [In] trying [to] assure Mr Fuller that, in tryi[ng to] extend our present sympathie[s to] include even Young, I know [what] any son of the North, what [he] really is, and that I look as[kance] at anyone making a meal [of a] *stuffed owl*.

BRIAN HEPWORT[H.]
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The Burden of Proof

[Sir,]—In so far as J. H. Hexter's [attack] on me (October 24) was per[sonal] it could be ignored: but his [asser]tion, more in anger than in [sorrow], that I have done disservice [to the] profession of historian calls, [I think], for some reply lest silence [should] suggest that I have nothing [to say].

[The] professor's main charge is [that] I lump together quotations, [torn] from their context, in order [to est]ablish a preconceived thesis. [Such] accusations are easier to make [than] to refute briefly, but I must [try]. He appears to have spent the [eighteen] months which have elapsed [since the] publication of *Change and [Contin]uity in Seventeenth Century [Englan]d* "going through the [footnote]s and leafing through the [pages] of the appropriate works" (I [quote] from the procedure he attri[butes] to me: fortunately for him [footno]tes are more useful for this [purpos]e than those of seventeenth-[centur]y sermons). From my publi[cations] since 1961, Professor Hexter [has] selected one paragraph to [illu]strate my vices. He calls it [a] "crucial paragraph", though [any re]ader who looks it up can see [that it] is in no way crucial to my [argum]ent: it has been selected by [Profe]ssor Hexter for his own pur[poses].

[Ignorin]g whether the paragraph [illus]trates the points he thinks [I inte]nded to prove, or ought to [have] intended to prove, Professor [Hexte]r summarizes: "that they [the P]uritan preachers] *merely* be[gan] [goi]ng to 'spiritualize' the [...] conduct of their *merchant* [...]s, relying *wholly* on the con[scienc]es of the laity as the ultimate [arbit]er of their actions". The [words] I have italicized gratuitously [distort] the argument I was in fact [putting] forward, that a *by-product* of [this] preaching was a confidence [in one]'s own conscience which, in an [increa]singly capitalist environment, [could] lead men to break with tradi[tional] norms of conduct. It is, per[haps,] the professor rather than I [who] distorts the sources in order [to est]ablish a preconceived thesis.

[My] argument then may have been [wrong], but it was not what [Profe]ssor Hexter attributes to me. [In] a moment of the self-critical [reflec]tion which he urges on me [I] have shown him that no sane [man] could deny that "the main [object] which the ministers were mak[ing] was to bring "Christian teach[ing] to bear on the conduct of [their] flock". It seemed to me too [obvious] to need stressing, but then [I did] not foresee Professor Hexter.

[How] does one set about proving [the kin]d of point I was trying to [make] about Protestantism's para[doxical] contribution to the accept[ance of] new economic norms? I [tried] to do it by citing as many [represe]ntative Protestant and Puri[tan wri]ters as I could find. Profes[sor] Hexter quotes three of these [there] are of course many more) [and dis]misses them because only [two of] them preached in London, [one] at Gray's Inn. Greenham, Perkins and Sibbes were however among the most widely read of all Puritans: even Professor Hexter can hardly deny that. They had great influence over their fellow clergymen, and the substance of many sermons must have been extracted from their works. It is more difficult to demonstrate their direct influence on the laity, but Perkins was read with approval by laymen as diverse as Elder Brewster, Sir Edward Coke, Johnston of Wariston, John Lilburne, Sir Arthur Throckmorton, William Walwyn, John Winthrop, George Wither, and by many of Professor Jordan's charitable merchants, including Humphrey Chetham. The East India Company put Perkins's *Works* on their ships, though we do not know whether they were read. I wish it was possible to find out more about the views of laymen below the rank of gentleman, but as Professor Hexter must know there is very little evidence. That is why I cite Thomas Adams, a contemporary critic who ascribed views to lay Puritans.

Why the insistence on London? In a remarkable understatement Professor Hexter admits that "there is some lack of agreement among English historians as to who was bourgeois and who was not in Elizabethan and early Stuart England". He knows that in these disagreements he holds one very extreme position. Many of his strictures on me assume that his own restricted definition of words like "bourgeois" and "capitalist" is the only possible one, and therefore that gentlemen, impropriators or yeoman farmers (or their sons at Cambridge or Gray's Inn) could not be so described. I disagree, arguing in respectable company that the origins of capitalism in England were largely rural.

I have not taken up all Professor Hexter's points, though it would not be difficult to dispose of them if space permitted. I thought it better to concentrate on the paragraph which he picked out in order to demonstrate my inaccuracy and dishonesty, and to show that he is nor innocent of the faults he claims to find in me. His wider accusations, that I wish to establish theses, or that I may even be a Marxist, call for less attention. The professor's division of historians into lumpers and splitters (his elegant phrases) revives an old distinction, familiar to those who used to set general papers a generation ago, between those who try to make sense of history and those who see nothing in it but the play of the contingent and the unforeseen, who think everything is so complicated that no general statements can safely be made, who are so busy making qualifications that they forget that anything actually happened. "Splitters" may make minor additions or alterations to traditionally received opinions, but they prefer to leave undisturbed those conventional prejudices in their readers' minds on which they rely.

(I caricature in order to balance Professor Hexter's caricature of the opposing position.) I believe that putting forward an argument for discussion is a more useful part of the historian's function than assuming that received wisdom is always right. In so far as I see any connecting link between the books I have published in the past twenty years, it is that they all try to understand the place of the English Revolution in history, and to document the mental transformations which accompanied and facilitated the rise of capitalism.

In the seventeenth century, in Herbert Butterfield's phrase, mankind put on a new thinking cap. In science, in politics, in economics and in religion, new ideas emerged. How did men, brought up in a traditional society, justify to themselves the new things they were doing, whether it was opening up trade to the East and West Indies or cutting off King Charles's head? I have tried to trace the ways in which traditional structures of ideas were modified to meet the new economic and political circumstances: to understand how traditional Christianity became Lockean liberalism.

Even after reading Professor Hexter, I do not regard this as a wholly disreputable undertaking. The historians whose work has transformed our understanding of seventeenth-century English history in the past generation have not been afraid of tackling big questions or advancing theses. This unites historians otherwise so diverse as Professors Tawney, Stone, Trevor-Roper, Aylmer, Haller, Collison, Ashton, Everitt, Drs Pearl, Hoskins and Thirsk, Messrs K. V. Thomas and Charles Webster. A very unfair and hostile critic might even detect theses in *The Reign of King Pym* and "The Problem of the Presbyterian Independents". In history, Achilles does overtake the tortoise. Capitalism is in fact with us today, as it was not in the Middle Ages; and ideas have changed accordingly. Historians whose sole concern is with tortoise-watching have an enjoyable hobby which satisfies the academic's sense that he is different from the vulgar. But it is not self-evidently superior.

There are dangers in trying to see causal connexions in history. If you analyse opposing bodies of ideas, less attentive readers may suppose that you are analysing opposing groups of persons: that "bourgeois" ideas can only be hold by urban merchants and artisans, the vulgar Marxist view which Professor Hexter appears to think I hold, or ought to hold. He dismissively summarizes the theme of another chapter in my book in the words "the senses in which men in the seventeenth century used the terms 'reason' and 'reasonableness' *coincided* with their position in the socio-economic structure" (my italics). Anyone who takes the trouble to read the chapter can see that (whether I am right or wrong) this is not a fair summary of what I said. As Professor Hexter must know, in the last chapter of the book he was ostensibly reviewing I warn against assuming that a man's ideas are determined by his position in society, a point I have often repeated since I made it in the last chapter of *Economic Problems of the Church* in 1956. A "polarized society" like pre-civil war England is a society of deeply divided individuals. Ralegh was both a courtier and a predatory prospector who became the hero of the Puritans. Hobbes, sent to Oxford by his uncle, a small-town glover, then employed by an aristocratic family, was nevertheless denounced by the Earl of Clarendon as no better than a Leveller in his egalitarianism.

Joseph Hall, towards whom Professor Hexter shows less than his usual charity, was a Calvinist who became a defender of divine-right episcopacy. Milton's ideas are not explained by saying he was a usurer's son. I have, I venture to claim, made rather a point of trying to study such divided individuals. In attributing to me a desire to ensure that "more people will never get in the way" the professor appears to have missed my biographical study of Oliver Cromwell, and the sections on individuals in *Puritanism and Revolution*, *The World Turned Upside Down*, and the book he was reviewing.

The historian's method is not dissimilar to that of the natural scientist. It involves collecting and classifying material, posing a hypothesis, testing it against all the evidence available, restating it in a form which others can test and then submitting it to the judgment of other workers in the field. Professor Hexter complains (a) that I suppress evidence that does not fit my preconceived hypothesis, and (b) that some of the evidence I publish does not confirm the preconceived hypothesis which he attributes to me. I think I have shown (a) to be untrue in the instances he selected; (b), if true, contradicts (a). Again I may perhaps retort on the professor his charge against me—"the professional gambler's dream—the no-lose wager, like being able to place your bet after the results of the race are in". Heads I lose, tails the professor wins. Imagine his righteous wrath if I had omitted the testimony of so important a witness as Thomas Hobbes.

But though I see positive virtues in advancing a thesis, for other historians to assess its merits in an unprejudiced manner, I do not accept what Professor Hexter calls my "primary methodological postulate". He quotes me as saying "since I was advancing a thesis . . . I . . . picked out evidence which seemed to support my case". Those words were written—as anybody who looks the passage up can verify—about my *Intellectual Origins of the English Revolution*. I was pointing out that this particular book originated in lectures whose object was to provoke, and so was rather different from a series of articles in a scholarly journal. If I had really been engaged in distorting the evidence I would hardly have drawn the reader's attention to it.

Professor Hexter however has his own thesis to advance, and from here onwards the "methodological postulate" takes over, soon becoming my "methodological rule". Making every allowance for Professor Hexter's polemical purposes in the emotionally charged second half of his review, I cannot accept his attribution to me of a "methodology" that includes, or licenses, distortion of the sources. I shall not convince the professor by my protests. I hope that my exposure of the distortions to which he has subjected the passages which he has quoted from me may lead others to compare what I actually wrote with Professor Hexter's version of it.

The point of principle emerging from what could otherwise be dismissed as a piece of academic mugging arises from the *odium theologicum* which informs it, and the professor's claim to speak for a wronged profession. Many students of sixteenth and seventeenth-century witchcraft now agree that the witch-hunters transferred their own frustrations and hatreds to their victims. Attributing the virtue of industry to a witch makes her damnation the more certain, since the industry is employed on the devil's work. One has more chance today of being believed when one claims not to be possessed by evil spirits. But it is still necessary to be on guard against the defenders of orthodoxy, who from the highest motives wish to exorcise demons. Perhaps it would be nice if all historians were agreed on what orthodoxy is: perhaps not. Meanwhile the biblical adjuration about motes and beams remains relevant. Professor Hexter would dislike being subjected to the attentions of any witchfinder-general other than himself. The fact that his review is open to the same charges of distortion and cheating that he brings against me (wrongly I hope in both cases) might give him, and still more his readers, cause to reflect on his maxim "each historian lives under an especially heavy obligation to police himself". Agreed. Most of all, perhaps, when setting oneself up in judgment on an erring colleague.

In this letter I have been dealing solely with the Professor Hexter who signed the review in your columns of October 24. Nothing in it relates to the Professor Hexter whose *The Reign of King Pym* and "The Problem of the Presbyterian Independents" I have long admired, and for whom I once had considerable affection.

CHRISTOPHER HILL.
Balliol College, Oxford.

Among this week's contributors

[...] ALLEN is writing a biography [of ...]y Eden.

[...] BRISHON is Professor of [...] at the Open University.

[...] [BE]NNINGHAM is a Lecturer in [...] at the School of Oriental [and Afri]can Studies, London.

[...] [GR]AHAM is the author (with [...] Smith) of *François Mansart*, [...]

[...]BANK is Professor of [...] Literature at the University [...]

[...] BROWN is Professor [...] at the University of [...]

[...]STIAN is the author of [...] *Critical Introduction*, [...]

[...] is a Lecturer in Socio[logy at the] University of Bristol.

[...]'s most recent collec[tion of] poems include *Epistles to [...]*, 1973.

[...] HOLMES's *The Good Parlia[ment]* [...] *Europe: Hierarchy and* [...] *1370-1450* have just been [...]

[...] HOPKINSON is Assistant [Keeper of] Foreign Art at the Wal[ker Art G]allery, Liverpool.

[...]KIN is the author of [...] *The Tentative Rea[...]*

[...] *the Nature of Greek* [...] published last year.

PETER LINEHAN is the author of *The Spanish Church and the Papacy*, 1971.

ROBIN MACONIE is the author of a forthcoming book on Stockhausen.

COLIN MACLEOD is a Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

LUCY MAIR's *African Societies* was published last year.

WILFRID MELLERS is Professor of Music at the University of York.

KENNETH MINOGUE is the author of *The Concept of a University*, 1973.

MARTIN RICHARDS is a lecturer in psychology at the University of Cambridge.

CHARLES ROSEN's *Schoenberg* will be published next year.

JOSEPH RYKWERT's books include *On Adam's House in Paradise*, 1972.

HAROLD SILVER's books include *Equal Opportunity in Education*, 1973.

C. H. SISSON's *In the Trojan Ditch, Collected Poems and Selected Translations* was published last year.

F. E. SPARSHOTT is the author of *Looking for Philosophy*, 1972.

LORD TREND was Secretary of the Cabinet, 1963-1973.

ALAN WALKER is the editor of *Franz Liszt: the man and his music*, 1970.

C. V. WEDGWOOD's *Religion and Politics in Rubens* was published earlier this year.

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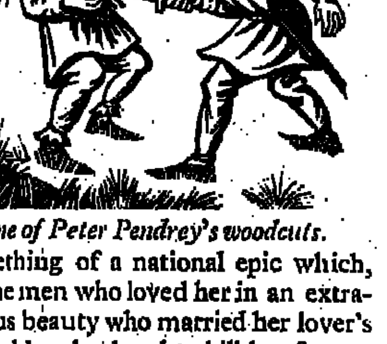

One of Peter Pendrey's woodcuts.

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The well-tempered archaeologist

By Howard Mayer Brown

MARGARET CAMPBELL :
Dolmetsch
318pp. Hamish Hamilton. £5.25.

In no previous century have so many musicians and music lovers been so interested in and knowledgeable about the music of the relatively distant past. The foundation of the Handel Society in 1843 and of the Bach Gesellschaft in 1850 signalled an awakening interest in early music, and little by little since then more and more people have begun to realize that the composers of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (and even earlier) wrote music that can still move and delight us even today. But the works of Machaut, Josquin, Monteverdi and the other great composers of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the Baroque era did not become readily accessible to even the most casually interested musical public overnight or without a great deal of labour on the part of a number of dedicated men. Musical historians and editors had first to rediscover the manuscripts and printed books in libraries and auction rooms and then prepare versions of the music that performers and students could actually use. Instrument makers had to rediscover the obsolete instruments and old techniques for restoring them or making reproductions. And performers had to relearn obsolete playing techniques as well as the old conventions of indicating what the composers had intended. And indeed this process still continues, so that every "early musician" must divide his time between practising his art as he understands it and continuing his education (usually self-education) in his effort to get ever closer to the sounds and styles of the past. Among the first generation of musicians intent on recovering early music, probably no one in England did so much as Arnold Dolmetsch to make this music come alive and to present it to a wider public. And few people anywhere combined his skills as instrument maker, performer and scholar at so high a level. Thus it is appropriate that Margaret Campbell should record his achievement and attempt an assessment of his accomplishments.

Born in France in 1858 into a French-Swiss family of instrument makers and dealers, Dolmetsch came to London as a young man to continue his musical education. By the 1890s he was giving concerts of early music in his home, first in Dulwich and later in Bloomsbury, which attracted a large coterie of admirers, including many famous men of arts and letters, among them William Morris, George Moore, William Rothenstein and Dolmetsch's lifelong champion, George Bernard Shaw. During the first decades of the twentieth century Dolmetsch earned his living chiefly by building harpsichords, viols and lutes, first for the firm of Chickering in Boston and then for Gaveau in Paris. But just before the First World War broke out Dolmetsch returned to England and eventually settled at Haslemere in Surrey, where he continued to make instruments and where he started the annual festival that still continues.

Dolmetsch was a handsome, dashing man, despite the fact that he was very short. The strength in his dark, flashing eyes comes across even in the photographs that illustrate Mrs Campbell's book, and especially in the frontispiece that pictures him at the age of forty-four. He was a strong-minded individual of the sort who seemed to flourish particularly well at the end of the nineteenth century. He could command fierce loyalties and his vision not only dominated his own life but also the lives of those around him. There was a likable streak of extravagance and impracticality in him, too, and he was fortunate to have found in his third wife, Mabel, a companion who could keep his household running smoothly. Like many strong-minded men he could also be irascible, wrongheaded and even ruthless (as in his treatment of many of the women in his life, but also, more benignly, in cutting through obstacles in order to achieve his musical goals). Not the least important of the qualities that made him memorable was the chip on his shoulder against musicologists and members of the musical establishment in general, resentments made up partly of the irrational suspiciousness often found in the largely self-educated, and partly of the entirely justifiable rancour of the visionary in a short-sighted world. His character—both its good and its bad sides—emerges vividly in Mrs Campbell's anecdotal account of his life. In revealing him as a three-dimensional figure, warts and all, she does him good service; through her we believe in him as a human being and we can understand both why he attracted such faithful friends and students, and why he failed to gain much official recognition until his last years.

Mrs Campbell is somewhat less reliable in evaluating Dolmetsch's work. We still await what Ernest Newman called for when Dolmetsch died: an objective and unemotional assessment. Mrs Campbell very nearly succumbs to the hero-worship that still surrounds Dolmetsch. She takes his own assessments of his enemies too much at face value, for example. A cooler appraisal of his accomplishments, that was not afraid to admit more openly precisely where and how the world has by now surpassed Dolmetsch's admirable pioneering efforts, might actually enhance his reputation in making him seem more plausible than the two-dimensional genius she depicts. There was no need to build Dolmetsch up by tearing down his adversaries. Had she been fairer in her treatment of W. H. Cummings, for example (he was, after all, a perfectly competent academic musician of his time), she could make an even more striking case for the superiority of Dolmetsch. And she should not chide Sir Frederick Bridge for discussing Morley's *Consort Lessons* without mentioning Dolmetsch in his 1904 lecture for the Music Loan Exhibition of the Worshipful Company of Musicians. So far as I know, Dolmetsch never had anything to do with the reconstruction of the music in that collection. Indeed, she should have tried harder to discover why and by whom Dolmetsch was excluded from participation in the exhibition. As it is, readers are left rather in the dark about the contents of the quarrels Dolmetsch had with various musicians throughout his long, contentious life. And they are left, too, with the impression that all of his scholarly work has stood the test of time, a conclusion that is simply not justified by the facts.

Similarly, we get an impression of his qualities as a performer only piecemeal, and mostly in connexion with his later years, after the establishment of the Haslemere Festival. She alludes to hostile criticism, but seldom spells out what the critics had found fault with. Did false starts plague Dolmetsch's concerts throughout his life, for example, or only during his later years in Surrey? Did musicians consistently object to his rhythmic and other "freedoms", or was that criticism levelled only against his recordings (late in his life) of some of the preludes and fugues from the *Well-Tempered Clavier*? Moreover, did his audiences regard his performances as amateurish, or did they react against the way he arranged programmes? I would have liked to see some sample programmes of the concerts he gave in Dulwich, Bloomsbury and Haslemere over the years, better to understand what "early music" was thought to be in 1890, and to have some sharper sense of how Dolmetsch's tastes and interests grew and changed during his lifetime, but Mrs Campbell offers little supporting evidence of that sort. On the other hand, she does make clear how gripping a personality Dolmetsch must have been as a performer, how exquisite his sense of the sounds of the various instruments, how sure a grasp of technique he himself had, and how compelling was his phrasing.

Dolmetsch's creed—always to go back to the original sources and not to accept things secondhand—still guides the best scholars and the best instrument makers. Dolmetsch seldom got off the track (as when he attempted to "improve" the harpsichord action). But builders have come a long way in the thirty-five years since Dolmetsch died, mostly by following his dictum and building instruments that are better in sound and response as they approach ever more closely the old models. Nevertheless, his instruments hold up remarkably well even against recent advances in, say, harpsichord making. And if some recorder and viol makers have now surpassed Arnold's best, we should not forget that his instruments set standards for most of this century. All in all he was almost as remarkable a man as Mrs Campbell claims. In pursuing three careers—as scholar, performer, and instrument builder—any one of which might have demanded his full attention, he did as much as, or more than, any man of his time to make the sounds of the past once more a part of every cultured person's experience.

Dolmetsch with Nelun and Surya Sena and the Asian harp he made for them in 1935.

Small sincerities

By Wilfrid Mellers

JAMES HARDING :
Erik Satie
269pp. Secker and Warburg. £5.75.

The first piece of music journalism I published—as an undergraduate, nearly forty years ago—was on Erik Satie. In those days few people knew of him, except as a memory marooned from the days of Dada; fewer still knew the sound of his music. Today he is a cult, exploited by the young to defrock Establishment and to deify Meaninglessness; an (orchestrated) *Gymnopédie* even accompanies a television commercial seducing us into one of our plastic age's more blandly obnoxious vacuities. Satie would have relished the irony: though he knew that he mattered not for the gestures he made but for what his music tells us of his motives in making them. The point of that youthful essay still seems valid: Satie is a (very) minor composer, but none the less deeply significant because of the probity of his negativeness. "Je suis venu au monde très jeune dans un temps très vieux", he said; and demonstrated this in the lucidity of his minimal technique. He, and his verbal comments on his music, may be scattily hilarious; the music itself—in *Parade* and the *Sports et Divertissements* no less than in the *Gnossiennes* or *Socrate*—is at once melancholy and serene. Perhaps the young sense that what Satie offers—beneath the façade of fashion, and to those who have ears to hear—is intolerance of sham, acceptance of a verity however rigorously limited by the conditions of "cette terre si terrestre et si terreuse".

There are two good, useful little books on Satie, one (adequately translated) by P. D. Templier, the other by our own francophile, Rollo Myers. Since Satie became a cult figure, serious research has been undertaken, notably by Patrick Gowers whose work has indicated how Satie anticipated the compositional processes of some later composers—such as Messiaen and Varèse—who would seem to be totally disparate, as well as those of composers—such as the early Cage—who are his spiritual allies. This could be important, in that it reveals how the Satie-experience is more basic to our tormented world than its apparent limitation would suggest. Certainly it is a pity that Dr Gowers's work remains for the most part unpublished since it is—as a doctoral thesis is supposed to be—a "contribution to knowledge", and is also genuinely illuminating. James Harding's *Erik Satie*, though a pleasant read, is neither. Having written several books on French artists at the turn of the century, he knows his period, and can proffer entertaining background information and anecdotes about the famous and infamous; drawing on Peladan, Cocteau, Picabia, Picasso, Fargue and Satie himself—among many others—he could hardly miss. Yet Mr Harding's backcloth remains precisely that; it is two-dimensional, whereas the background information in Roger Shattuck's brilliant *The Banquet Years* is also revelatory. It is so partly through superior intellectual percipience; and particularly because Professor Shattuck relates the cultural milieu to what happens, technically and experientially, in Satie's music.

Mr Harding offers no musical criticism. The few lines he gives us on Satie's creations as they appear throughout his life are not stupid; neither are they inwardly aware. Not surprisingly, he devotes more space to Satie's verbal commentaries on his music than to the music itself. To the uninitiated this must give the impression that the unwontedly waggish *Embryons desséchés* are more significant than the *Nocturnes*. Similarly, a detailed account of the scenario of *Parade* misses fire if it's not complemented by musical analysis that attempts to define the strange, calm yet minatory experience the ballet is. Throughout, there is little evidence that Mr Harding knows and love's Satie's music "from within"; no one who did could describe the *Croquis et Agaceries* as "straightforward parodies".

The sense of being at one remove from the reality of Satie pervades the biographical aspects also. A recent reviewer of Anthony Powell's mammoth sequence of novels pointed out that fiction is often less fictional than biography, since a novel creates a world which can be true to itself, whereas any biography is in part fictional, because memory is fallible and selective. And this biography fiction takes over as early as Satie's infancy, when Mr Harding tells us what the little chap "must have" felt, sitting on his sea-dog uncle's knee, watching the squawking gulls at Honfleur. Nor is there any evidence about the nature of Satie's religious conversion in his Rosicrucian days—except that provided by his music, which hardly supports Mr Harding's hunch. Things improve in the later parts of Satie's life, which is, of course, better documented; yet even here Mr Harding does his best to undermine credibility by reporting imaginary conversations wherein people address one another as "mon cher ami", etc, while discoursing in English. Not even commercial movies descend, nowadays, to this level of make-believe; it is peculiarly irritating, even distressing, in a book about a composer whose minimal truth was the essence of his being.

Mr Harding tells us that Satie deprecated comparisons between his music and that of Lord Berners, calling the Englishman a "professional amateur" who "hasn't understood". That goes for Mr Harding too. To justify itself, another chap's book on Satie should be able to demonstrate why Satie was—in the words of the dancer Caryathis, "la belle Excentrique"—"that exceptional man, so different from those who surrounded him". Mr Harding writes vivaciously, and has produced good books; but Satie is not his subject.

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The possibilities of disquiet

By Charles Rosen

SCHOENBERG:
Tagebuch
by Josef Rufer
Berlin: Propyläen. DM 25.
Idea
by Leonard Stein
Faber and Faber. £17.50.

...ch 12, 1912, the day he began ...ose *Pierrot Lunaire*, Schoenberg ...ed in his diary, the *Berliner* ...:

> ...this morning suddenly a ...desire to compose. After a long time! I had already ...ged the possibility that I ...never compose again. There ...to be many reasons to give ...this. The obstinacy with ...my students tread on my ..., as they strive to outbid ...I offer, puts me in danger ...ming their imitator, and ...s me from consolidating ...I have built on the ground ...I already stand. They raise ...thing at once to the tenth .... And it works! It is ...good. But I do not know ...is necessary. This is why ...am forced to decide yet ...carefully than before ...I must write. Since:—I ...attach so much importance to my originality; but it ...gives me joy, and in any ...I prefer it to unoriginality. ...came the occupation with ...ical questions [his recent ...g of the *Harmonielehre*]. ...decidedly dries one up. And ...that is why I suddenly ...two years no longer feel so ...I have become remarkably tranquil. That is even ...able in my conducting. What ...is an aggressive spirit. The ...going-outside-oneself, and ...ability to attack, to grab. ...it will be better that I ...nevertheless compose again. ...deed, it is better. I remember I wrote a poem about ten ...years ago, in which I ...to become old and with...bition, tranquil. Now that ...see the earlier possibilities of disquiet again, I almost ...for them. Or are they ...there once more?

...page, perhaps the most re...that Schoenberg ever wrote ...himself, the major psycho...forces that shaped his work ...pell-mell, but in a disorder ...suggests their interdependence ...we find the reluctance and ...the fear with which he ...on one of the most im...and influential revolutions ...history of music; the pride ...students' work, and the ...—even the touch of ...sparked by the way they ...forward with his ideas, ...him ahead faster than he ...go (or was this only an ...cover for the forces that ...driving him from within?); ...grudging, suspicious ...his originality, revealed ...the rhythm of those grace...ances acknowledging its ...; the opposition between ...practice, between the ...understanding and creation ...finally the late Romantic, ...consciously "decadent" ...of artistic creation ...of contentment with ...of inspiration.

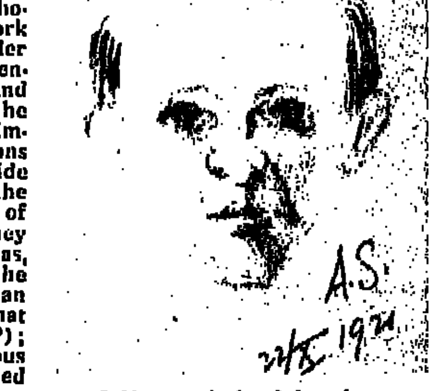
...opposition of the critical ...and artistic creation ...to Schoenberg's ...is an inherited Romantic ...sacred commonplace to ...may return again and ...meditation and for ...it often serves to show ...the door; but properly ...it embodies a mystery: ...really useful when it is ...because it is absurd. This ...the topic supports Schoenberg's ...of his teaching. The ...difficulty for students, ...in a letter to Douglas ...as an appendix to ...*Fundamentals of Musical ...*, London, 1967), "is to ...how they could compose ...being inspired. The answer ...is impossible. But as they ...do it, nevertheless, advice

Schoenberg wrote almost all his music in a fury of inspiration. The opera *Erwartung* for example was finished in seventeen days. He had enormous difficulty picking up the thread of an inspiration once abandoned, as if it were beyond rational calculation. Even the development of twelve-tone technique came more as the result of a series of instinctive moves than as a conscious plan. But he was also a magnificent critic, and we must be grateful for the new edition of *Style and Idea*, his collected prose writings.

It is neither precisely a new edition nor the collected prose. It contains all the articles of the original 1950 edition of *Style and Idea*, with one omission; but to these fourteen articles are added ninety more, many of them never edited before (some of them, indeed, unfinished essays or even informal jottings). The selection, however, is far from complete: in particular, all of his analyses of his own compositions have been set aside for a later publication.

Most serious is the omission of a 199-page manuscript, "The Musical Idea and its Presentation", that Josef Rufer has called Schoenberg's most fundamental theoretical work; it contains his ideas, developed and reformulated over many years, on theme, motif, figure and phrase, laws of comprehensibility, laws of coherence, and so forth. Even if much of this important manuscript is in the form of notes, many of the essays now published are only incomplete and fragmentary. It is hard to discover on what the present selection is based, and a considerable part of the new material will do Schoenberg's reputation no service. The sarcastic letters to critics, written in a kind of disastrous pastiche of the style of Karl Kraus, do him little credit; nor do the grouchy, heavily ironic sallies at other composers—but then Stravinsky, too, published silly remarks about his contemporaries and wrote unnecessary, exasperated letters to critics.

It is a pity, however, to have published Schoenberg's most brilliant and important essays with this



Self-portrait by Schoenberg

mass of second-rate material. Much of it, including the essays on politics and human rights, has only an ephemeral and superficial autobiographical interest that even in this respect cannot be compared with the recently published diary of 1912, or the wonderful lecture printed in the first section of *Style and Idea* and entitled "How One Becomes Lonely"—at once an assessment of his life and his music.

There is, of course, hardly a page where Schoenberg does not produce an observation characterized by his extraordinary penetration, his inspired shrewdness, but we must pay for these details by suffering his ill-tempered suspicions and sour complaints—almost all justified, no doubt, which does not make them more agreeable to listen to (we prefer our victims to maintain a silent dignity). Schoenberg had to pay as well, as he himself understood in a moment of blinding lucidity after writing a particularly obtuse paragraph about Stravinsky's *Oedipus*:

> My remarks about Stravinsky now strike me not only as less witty than they did a few hours ago, but as something almost equally bad: rather philistine. Naturally I can do nothing about it, even though it is evidence against me and for the work. I know, after all, that the works which in every way arouse one's dislike are precisely those the next generation will in every way like. And the better the jokes one makes about them, the more seriously one will later have to take them.

Von Zemlinski and Schoenberg at the first performance of Erwartung *in 1924. A caricature by E. Weiss from Willi Reich's* Schoenberg *(Longman 1971).*

This is no *mea culpa*—Schoenberg takes nothing back—but critical intelligence so powerful that it replaces introspection as a form of self-knowledge.

The finest essay is "Brahms the Progressive", with its unsurpassed discussions of Mozart's and Beethoven's phrasing and motivic technique, along with its homage to Brahms. "Folkloristic Symphonies" is less rich but no less impressive, as it reaches the heart of Schoenberg's preoccupation with musical theory : the nature of the motif or the theme that can be used to create a work on the largest scale.

The most provocative of the writings, however, is the early essay "The Relationship to the Text" published in the *Blaue Reiter* in 1912, in which Schoenberg proclaims the impotence of the critical intellect. He starts from Schopenhauer, whose derivative and oversimplified version of the early Romantic theory of art provided the basis for so many of the later nineteenth century's platitudes in aesthetics :

> Even Schopenhauer, who at first says something really exhaustive about the essence of music in his wonderful thought, "The composer reveals the inmost essence of the world and utters the most profound wisdom in a language which his reason does not understand, just as a magnetic somnambulist gives disclosures about things which she has no idea of when awake"—even he loses himself later when he tries to translate details of this language which *the reason does not understand* into our terms. It must, however, be clear to him that in this translation into the terms of human language (which is abstraction, reduction to the recognizable), the essential, the language of the world, which ought perhaps to remain incomprehensible and only perceptible, is lost.

The surface paradox of "perceptible and incomprehensible" reappears elsewhere in Schoenberg's thought: it was an escape hatch that allowed him to pursue his separate critical and creative ways. But it did not save him from the inconsistency that we find in his own writings, in which a brilliant appreciation of other men's music (when his prejudices remain uninvolved) is accompanied by a misunderstanding of many aspects of his own music, and even by a curious underestimation of his most radical achievements.

The confidence with which he confronted the music of Brahms and Mozart oozed away when he faced his own works, above all those of the years from 1908 to 1914. These works had a logic of their own, he sometimes felt, but he could not yet explain it. Often he placed this logic outside the music itself. In 1923 (in "Composition with Twelve Tones") he wrote that he had discovered in 1908 how to construct large works only by following a text, as the abandonment of tonality had put the traditional structures out of reach. A few years later (in "Opinion or Insight"), he was even more emphatic about the non-musical nature of his large musical patterns:

> Renunciation of traditional means of articulation made the construction of larger forms temporarily impossible, since such forms cannot exist without clear articulation. For the same reason, my only extended works from that time [i e 1908-14] are works with a text, where the words represent the cohesive element.

Yet this represents a flat violation of his critical doctrine, as he had already expressed it in "Composition for Twelve Tones":

> Prior to Richard Wagner, operas consisted almost exclusively of independent pieces, whose musical relation did not seem to be a musical one. Personally, I refuse to believe that in the great masterworks pieces are connected only by the superficial coherence of the dramatic proceedings. Even if these pieces were merely "fillers" taken from earlier works of the same composer, something must have satisfied the master's sense of form and logic. We may not be able to discover it, but certainly it exists. In music there is no form without logic, there is no logic without unity.

It would be odd to maintain that "the words represent the cohesive element" in *Erwartung*; for this most convincing and most masterful of Schoenberg's large-scale works, very few critics could give an account of exactly what happens on the stage or of what the libretto means—nor, indeed, is it necessary. *Erwartung* may be grasped comfortably, conveniently and persuasively as a work of pure, abstract music. It is certain that Schoenberg would not have it otherwise. The music has clearly a logic of its own which is at the very least *almost* independent of the text and action, and perhaps more so than the operas of Mozart to which Schoenberg is clearly referring in the above quotation. Once the inspiration that created *Erwartung* had fulfilled itself, however, the composer could no longer retrace the steps of its composition.

The problem was that by the 1920s Schoenberg had lost some of the assurance, the artistic faith of a decade earlier. About the great period just before the First World War, he remarked nostalgically in 1949 when writing "My Evolution":

> Intoxicated by the enthusiasm of having freed music from the shackles of tonality, I had thought to find further liberty of expression. In fact, I myself and my pupils Anton Von Webern and Alban Berg, and even Alois Hába believed that now music could renounce motivic features and remain coherent and comprehensible nevertheless.

The 1920s were a more sober era, Looking back at his earlier works, Schoenberg refused to believe in the renunciation of motivic and thematic form, and tried to explain them by motivic analysis—with a success that was naturally only partial. *Erwartung* and the Four

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DENT

Songs for Orchestra do not lack motivic elements, but these elements are no longer (and not yet) at the centre of the musical construction. With the twelve-note system, Schoenberg reinstated motivic form—or thought he had. It was, of course, just this aspect of twelve-note composition that many later composers were to dissolve.

This question of motif haunted Schoenberg for the rest of his life. More than anyone else, he understood that the motif, as conceived in Western music, was basically a tonal form. "In every composition preceding the method of composing with twelve tones", he wrote in 1941, "all the thematic and harmonic material is primarily derived from three sources: the tonality, the *basic motive*, which in turn is a derivative of the tonality, and the rhythm, which is included in the basic motive" (*Style and Idea*, pages 225-6). The method of "composing with twelve tones" was invented above all to replace tonality as a source for motifs, which can now be derived from the row. But this places the motifs of works like the Four Songs for Orchestra in a curious limbo: no longer tonal and not yet twelve-tone, from what are these motifs derived, what supports them? It is no wonder that Schoenberg, no longer willing to envisage a basic, non-motivic structure, professed himself baffled by the logic of these works even as he affirmed it. He declared that the future would prove that in their style there was a "centralizing power" comparable to tonality, but he himself could not say what it was.

For the most part, he speaks of the motifs of these great atonal, pre-twelve-tone songs not in terms of pitch but of contour—an aspect that analysts have largely neglected. But then the twelve-note system was to reaffirm tyranny of pitch, and to push the great experiments with tone-colour and texture of the atonal period into the background. The tone-row is conceived by Schoenberg entirely in terms of pitch and as a quarry for motifs. This makes the relation of the row, to the thematic material of a work fundamentally different from the relation of tonality to motif emphasized by Schoenberg: the row with its transformations is the sum of the motifs, and it has no identity independent of them. The work, too, is the sum of these transformations—at least theoretically; practically Schoenberg was to retain a freedom of style and procedure until the end, although the expansive and miraculous freedom of the years 1908 to 1914 was only to be recaptured in a few rare works, above all in the late String Trio.

The malaise, the contradictions concerning thematic form lie very deep in Schoenberg's criticism. Two quotations show how inconsistent his stance may appear; in one, he presents his ideas on motivic form, in the other—much earlier, but revised much later—he brilliantly defends the music of his beloved Mahler:

> Whatever happens in a piece of music is nothing but the endless reshaping of a basic shape. Or, in other words, there is nothing in a piece of music but what comes from the theme, springs from it and can be traced back to it; to put it more severely, nothing but the theme itself. Or, all the shapes appearing in a piece of music are *foreseen* in the "theme". ("Linear Counterpoint", 1931.)
>
> Incredibly irresponsible is another accusation made against Mahler: that his themes are unoriginal. In the first place, art does not depend upon the single component part alone; therefore, music does not depend upon the theme. For the work of art, like every living thing, is conceived as a whole—just like a child, whose arm or leg is not conceived separately. The inspiration is not the theme, but the whole work. And it is not the one who writes a good theme who is inventive, but the one to whom a whole symphony occurs at once. ("Gustave Mahler", 1912, revised 1948.)

The contradictions here are not superficial (although we may envisage a reconciliation): they express the opposition between criticism and inspiration. The affirmation of thematic unity is made by the critic, while it is the composer that claims priority for the total work seen *in advance* as a whole. The same tensions may be found in E. T. A. Hoffmann's analyses of Beethoven. The two claims are united only in Schoenberg's intuition of the "incomprehensible and only perceptible", which is the fundamental condition of music for Schoenberg.

He was not always pleased when his performers worked out the row, and wrote a disagreeable letter to Rudolf Kolisch, who had figured it out for the Third Quartet:

> You must have gone to a great deal of trouble, and I don't think I'd have had the patience to do it. But do you think one's any better off for knowing it? (*Letters*, edited by Erwin Stein, London 1964, page 164)

Nevertheless, he reported with considerable satisfaction in 1946 that when one of the singers of his opera *Von Heute auf Morgen* became "familiar with the basic set, everything seemed easier for him". For Schoenberg, this was a vindication.

He evidently was determined to have it both ways. That was his greatness both as composer and critic. Lesser men are flaccidly and hazily inconsistent, Schoenberg violently and passionately so. This violence led him ultimately to a way of reconciling even the contradictions in his conception of motif: in a crushing indictment of the theories of poor Joseph Hauer, who had worked out a silly theory of twelve-tone compositions, Schoenberg referred—almost in passing—to the "artistic way—the way, for example, that motivic working-out needs to be concealed and yet effective, basic yet also felt on the surface". And he might have added, "incomprehensible and only perceptible".

It is only just to add (and it would have pleased him) that his instinct and his sense of adventure served him even better than his critical intelligence. The day after he began *Pierrot Lunaire*, he noted in his diary:

> I am moving absolutely to a new expression. The sounds become here a frankly animal and immediate expression of sensuous and spiritual movement. Almost as if everything were directly translated. I am curious to see how it will go on. . . .

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Critic and creator

By F. E. Sparshott

THEODOR W. ADORNO and ERNST KRENEK:
Briefwechsel
Edited by Wolfgang Rogge
276pp. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM38.

Few correspondences set the imagination to such furious and various work as this one. Both parties to the interchange are fluent and eloquent, look on each other with exasperated bewilderment and admiration, and lead lives of intricate contrivance and disaster. Their letters are unified by a common theme, a specific set of musical concerns, and nearly a third of the book is given over to publications, mostly long forgotten, whose genesis the reader has watched in epistolary form. The editor adds copious and immaculate notes that vary, as annotation will, from the supererogatory to the tantalizing, and Krenek himself contributes an introduction that furnishes a sharply-defined picture of the correspondence and the underlying relationship which is almost, but not quite, the picture one sees in the correspondence itself. Not only are the parts of the book interesting in themselves; the relations between the parts are suggestive and fascinating, and comparison between the letters and the major publications of the writers is variously illuminating and often entertaining.

Each of the writers is to the other and to the reader a compelling and perplexing mind. Adorno figures as intellectual aesthete, marvellously eloquent, lucidly expounding ideas whose premises appear arbitrary and whose relation to observable reality is seldom clear. Krenek figures as compulsive creator driven to theorize in a vain attempt to understand his own practice, his energy never quite breaking through to the regions of clarity where Adorno is native. He looks to Adorno for a source of intellectual order and regeneration; Adorno sees in Krenek's seemingly anarchic and eclectic production a singular challenge to his interpretative gifts. Krenek, older and more publicly successful, proves less able to cope with crises and disasters. The more reclusive Adorno never loses the tone that struck Krenek at their first meeting, that of the unique proprietor and authorized expositor of the new music, whose rhetorical and dialectical prowess shielded him from any possibility of error.

Adorno and Krenek knew each other for nearly half a century, but most of the surviving letters date from between 1929 and 1939. It is not clear whether the falling-off during the war years owes most to growing estrangement, waning of the epistolary impulse, or heavier use of the waste basket. What is left falls into four phases.

The first phase, from 1929 to 1934, has the greatest theoretical interest. It is a running debate on the relations between music and society, and on the necessity and nature of Schoenberg's way of writing music. Adorno, who thinks of collecting his own essays under the title "Great Pan is Dead", wants to eliminate "nature" (or the illusion of naturalness) from music, which should be an intellectual pursuit, the solution of problems posed by the current state of musical materials. A composer's way of solving these problems shows the nature of the society and the social class to which he belongs. Schoenberg's twelve-note method is the only one that will do here and now, not because it is inherently the best but because it is specifically designed to eliminate whatever might seem natural from the composer's material.

Krenek is shocked by this fetishization of materials: objectively, the composer is indeed a child of his time, but subjectively he can accept no limits on his freedom to create. The disagreement is instructive. The sheer creativity that Krenek takes to be the source of his own freedom is precisely that organic element that Adorno looks to civilization to overcome; and the materials of music, which Krenek thinks of as inert matter to be manipulated, are to Adorno the work and the very expression of social mind.

The second phase finds Adorno in exile, philosophizing at Oxford and finding it hard to write down to the level of the dons. Most of the letters have to do with arrangements made by each for performance of the other's work. Adorno proves passionately serious about his own work as a composer, exiguous though it is. The intellectual companions now become pers... friends, and unite in an alm... hysterical intensity of feeling at th... shock of Alban Berg's death.

In the third phase, from 193... 1949, when both are in Ameri..., correspondence is sporadic ... less cordial. Krenek, more quic... at home in the new world, beg... to lose patience with Adorno's i... syncratic preciosities in matters ... theory, and can find neither th... to examine closely nor inclinat... to perform the compositions th... Adorno sends him, while his o... opus numbers soar into the ninet...

After Adorno's return to Eur... in 1949, correspondence lapsed. ... final, brief exchange arose from ... "open letter" that Krenek wr... for a Festschrift in 1962. The t... is bitter, though jocular. Kren... feels rejected by the avant-gar... who make Adorno their spokesm..., feels openly ignored and cover... sneered at it in Adorno's rec... theorizing, and taunts him with ... sterility as a composer. After t... publication of this unorthodox bir... day present, brief, conciliatory no... are exchanged. Krenek's introd... tion assures us that they remain... good friends. But evidently t... world has been no one's oyster.

The score-mongers

By Robin Maconie

HOWARD RISATTI:
New Music Vocabulary
A Guide to Notational Signs for Contemporary Music
219pp. University of Illinois Press (AUPG). £3.25.

There are several books available on contemporary music notation. Erhard Karkoschka's *Notation in New Music*, 1972, is the largest and most expensive; Gardner Read's *Music Notation*, 1974, is a sound practical study but weak on recent developments; Hugo Cole's *Sounds and Signs*, 1974, is more tantalizing than instructive. Unfortunately, Howard Risatti's new book has neither the scope of Karkoschka (though that is not saying very much), nor the grounding of good sense of Read, nor the occasional insight and critical framework of Cole. Most of the signs it catalogues we could usefully do without, and the author's explanations and captions do not inspire confidence either in them or in his understanding of them.

What we have been waiting for is a critical evaluation of the notational inventions of the late 1950s and after. Nearly all of the signs and explications thereof compiled so painstakingly by Karkoschka from the scores of the day (or rather, their glossaries, since he rarely examines how the signs work in practice, but only how they differ from one piece to another) apply only to the pieces for which they were devised, and survive only because articles and books have been written about or including them. They are mostly simple failures of notation, and they fail because their composers were neither very good at deciding what they wanted to hear nor very good at drawing. Nor, frequently did they realize that the effects they sought could be conventionally notated, having had neither the compositional experience (one is driven to suspect) nor a sufficiently broad grounding in classical forms of articulation.

Mr Risatti makes the same mistake as his predecessors in refusing to discriminate between good and bad signs, to examine their use in actual music, or to erect any sort of critical framework for his deliberations. One is prepared to excuse an author doing no more than extract composers' explanatory tables, providing they are faithfully transcribed, since there is a certain historical and aesthetic interest (though one of diminishing returns) in the fashion for deviant notations. There is no excuse, however, for getting even the composer's instructions wrong, which is what Mr Risatti manages to do with remarkable consistency. Notations special to timpani or harp appear in the general section, for instance; which means that the accepted conventions of a teacher-performer like Leonard Salzedo are given the same weight as the momentary fantasy of a lisping avant-gardist, and that particular limitations of the sign and its manner of execution are overlooked. In section classifications by instrument the lack of discrimination persists between genuinely new effects which a performer recognizes and pseudo-new effects which a composer attempts to obtain through notational extravagance.

To devote further energy to collecting notational ephemera, when one ought to be refining and discarding, has become a superfluous pastime fit only for taxonomical automata.

Prince Igor

FRANCIS ROUTH:
Stravinsky
202pp. Dent. £4.50.

Much has been written abo... Stravinsky. Most of it falls, howev... into speculation of one of t... kinds: attempts to reconstruct ... lifestyle (which may serve as a me... phor of the compositional proces... or statements of account (analy... from which a pattern of decisi... making might be inferred). T... difficulty with either approach ... that each tends to read too mu... into what is regarded as fact, ... then jump to conclusions about ... unknown. So we find the b... grapher using the music as illust... tion of the progress of a life, or t... analyst reducing the compos... mind to a logical subroutine.

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...he unlucky Liszt

...lan Walker

...AR PERENYI:
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...s been unlucky in his biog... Even during his lifetime ...ppeared biographies which ...d the facts. One of the ...was Joseph d'Ortigue's (published in the *Gazette* ...) of 1835, an agreeable ...on of rumour, distortion, ...truth; much of the material ...from Marie d'Agoult, Liszt's ...stress, who had her own ...s to how her hero should ...cted. Another such biog... although on a more massive ...was Lina Ramann's three-... Life, which appeared dur... years 1880-94; that work in ...censored by Carolyne Sayn-...stein, Liszt's second mis... "corrected" certain pas... her personal advantage, ...Marie d'Agoult (whom she ...t, but with whom she knew ...y would inevitably compare ...the darkest light.

...o this interminable flow ...collections", "memories", ...ries" of Liszt's pupils and ...s, which came off the ...presses in a flood at the ...the century (Strelezki's ...al recollections of chats ...Liszt" is typical), and you ...tangled mass of contradic... through which the modern scholar picks his way with ...ism.

...e past thirty-five years or so ...of important source docu... have been published, and ...ave made the rewriting of ...graphy mandatory. The most ...of these sources was the ...pondance de Liszt et de ...d'Agoult, brought to light ...grandson Daniel Ollivier ... Two years later Emil ...came forward with his ...essays "Liszt in Paris" ...wo Franciscans: Adam and ...Liszt", published in *La Revue* ..., which placed at our dis... ...such new material about ...early background. In 1937 ...logical tables, prepared by ...Csekey, gave us accurate ...on about Liszt's family ...for the first time. The most ...biography to appear this ...d there have been a fair ...is Peter Raabe's *Liszts Leben und Schaffen* (1931), updated and republished in 1968 by his son Felix Raabe. Peter Raabe's position as director of the Liszt Museum in Weimar gave him access to some key material. In terms of scholarly exactitude, his book is the one against which any subsequent biography will have to be judged.

And now comes Eleanor Perényi, whose new biography, *Liszt*, covers the period 1811-61. Her narrative, that is to say, breaks off where Liszt leaves Weimar and settles in Rome. Mrs Perényi cannot be criticized for a book she did not write; but the decision to leave the last twenty-four years of Liszt's life undiscussed, in a substantial volume, is curious. As for the book she *did* write, that is quite another matter. Factual inaccuracies abound.

Writing of Liszt's father, Adám, she says: "It never entered his head that he might himself go to work [c 1816] to support his little tribe—though he knew bookkeeping and he had a younger halfbrother in the Austrian civil service who might have had some ideas". Eduard Liszt (the halfbrother) had not yet been born. He was forty-one years younger than Adám, and was not to enter the Austrian civil service for three decades or more.

Mrs Perényi tells us that Liszt had "candid blue eyes". One wonders how she knows. Marie d'Agoult described them as "sea-green" (*Mémoires*, page 21). Apropos of Liszt's duel with Thalberg, in 1837, we are informed that Liszt rented the Salon Erard for his main recital. In fact, he rented the Paris Opera house (*Correspondance de Liszt et d'Agoult*, page 198). Discussing Liszt's first meeting with Schumann in 1840, she says it took place in Leipzig, and that Schumann made a special trip to get there. Schumann lived in Leipzig. The "special trip" was to Dresden where the meeting actually took place. (*Liszts Briefe*, January 9, 1857). Nor was Liszt's first meeting with Wagner in July, 1853. Mrs Perényi knows very well that the two composers had already met in 1840, 1842 and again in 1844, and that in 1849 Wagner actually stayed with Liszt in Weimar, since she herself says so. The mistake is simply due to carelessness in checking the text. A similar aberration seizes her on page 247, where we learn that "Liszt was in France as seldom as possible, after 1846 not at all". If Mrs Perényi had taken the trouble to read her own "chronological summary" printed at the end of her book, she would learn that he returned to France in 1861; in fact, he went back there a number of times, notably in 1866, 1878 and 1886.

Many musicians will be astonished to read that "Liszt was the only major composer to have given years of his life to performance", particularly those who admire Rachmaninov, Mahler and Busoni. She also repeats the old story of Schumann's "finger injury", which had nothing whatever to do with the way he practised the piano. (See Eric Sams's "Schumann's Hand Injury", *Musical Times*, December 1971.)

Had Mrs Perényi concentrated a little more on her facts, and a little less on attacking her colleagues, she would have written a stronger book. But she seems unable to resist the temptation of scoring points off the work of other Liszt scholars—Sacheverell Sitwell, Ernest Newman, and myself in particular. Her narrative is studded with critical asides, sour footnotes, and personal attacks, many of which have no relevance to her arguments. She resembles a wild tennis-player, returning in all directions balls which were never served to her in the first place. Occasionally, she even turns her invective on to Liszt himself. Thus, he is variously described as "a liar", "a notorious libertine", "boorish" and "a devout immoralist". Clearly, she has little sympathy with Liszt.

More disturbing is Mrs Perényi's habit of raising unnecessary questions and then dismissing them. Her motive seems to be pure sensationalism.

There is, I suppose, the chance that one day a batch of documents will turn up to show Liszt as candidly pornographic in his interests as, say, the young Flaubert. Perhaps in his travels he too was more interested in whores than in ancient buildings, flirted with buggery, and reported his findings with the elan of a dirty-minded schoolboy. I doubt it.

If she doubts it, why bother to say it? Wagner fares no better.

> [His] propensity to get himself up in drag and furnish his bedrooms to resemble a whore's boudoir, the strong aroma of homosexuality in *Parsifal*, all combine to suggest that Wagner was queer. . . . But in the simplest meaning of the term, a preference for one's own sex, he just was not a homosexual and any presumption that he was would be seriously misleading.

So why raise the point? These passages also give one an insight into Mrs Perényi's literary style, which, for the most part, reads like a cross between a popular novel and a string of quotations from a Fleet Street tabloid. This is a pity, for she is undoubtedly well-informed about the Romantic movement generally, and she possesses an agile pen. But many readers will be put off by her chatterbox approach to history, best depicted by her tiresome habit of "putting down" the leaders of the Romantic movement. Thus F. R. de Lamennais is described as "a shabby old Druid"; Balzac is a "fat, avaricious little man"; and Saint-Simon is "a crank of sorts".

Mrs Perényi had the chance to write a definitive book about Liszt, and she muffed it. We must wait patiently for someone else to fill this lacuna.

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Renaissance Theatre Costume is an unusually interesting and original work. Stella Mary Newton is well known among art-historians for her expertise in the history of dress, so often an important factor in dating a picture. In her beautifully produced and plentifully illustrated book she boldly ventures on the exploration of a subject which has been generally neglected.

The sense of the historic past was a significant element in Renaissance thought. As classical studies expanded, the historic—or what was thought to be the historic—past played an ever larger part in political and religious argument as well as in literature and painting. For the historian, this is a truism. But how far did this interest in the past affect the visual imagination? How much was it reflected in pictures, in popular pageantry, in the theatre and the masque?

Mrs Newton begins her enthrallingly discursive book with an account of the fifteenth-century theatre as the conventions of medieval performance merged with, or gave way to, Renaissance fashions. She links the theatre with such kindred entertainments as pageants, processions and masques, in all of which classical and historical influences began to appear. She covers France and the Netherlands as well as Italy; it was in the Netherlands particularly that the Joyous Entry—the street entertainment offered by cities to the visiting ruler—was most articulate and elaborate.

She makes her point that there was a growing interest in the representation of the dress of the historic past. In educated circles and among artists this could be matter for serious study; more generally, anything that was different or fifty years out of date might be acceptable as "a formula for the olden times".

Even the most conscientious and inspired re-creators of the past worked under great difficulties. The historic imagination had not yet been nourished on centuries of research. Mantegna carefully based the trophies, standards and trappings for his great "Triumph of Julius Caesar" on antique reliefs. But the beautiful attendant youths have their hair cut and curled in the fashion of the late fifteenth century and wear the white linen *camicie* of his own day, caught in at the sleeves in a characteristic Renaissance style.

The contemporary shirt or shift of fine white linen seems to have been generally adopted for the representation of classical youths and nymphs. In itself it did not look too improbable, but it had to be improved for masque and stage performances by adding draperies of rich brocade and cloth of gold. One writer of the late-sixteenth century suggests this for nymphs:

> They should wear feminine *camicie*, embroidered and varied in style but always sleeved and he, personally, would use a little starch. They should be girded with coloured silk to make them puff out a little and appear to be very light and airy and they should be short, so that they do not reach the ankle. Nymphs should wear a *socco*, gilded *all'antica*, fitting the leg elegantly.

In contrast to these lightly starched nymphs, the court of Catherine de Medici preferred their nymphs in *camicie vaghe*. How vague, one wonders?

Mrs Newton has the great advantage of perfectly understanding the technique of dressmaking and the structure of clothes. Renaissance painters were also conscious of this and accurate in their representations so that, on the rare occasions when something impossible is depicted, she assumes that the painter is trying to reproduce something he has seen in sculpture, or read of, but has not fully understood. (Well chosen illustrations make this point abundantly clear.) On the other hand when an unusual dress is convincingly shown, she argues that it was in all probability an actual dress made for a masque or pageant or play.

Roman armour, for instance, posed an insuperable problem because artists assumed that the long Roman cuirass, made of leather, must be plate armour such as they knew. But, if plate-encased down to the thighs, how did the Roman soldier move at the waist? Mantegna came to the conclusion that the Roman cuirass must really have been in two pieces, divided at the waist and fastened together by leather laces. Armour constructed in this way is shown among the trophies in Caesar's triumph.

There was also some confusion between distances in time and space. Foreign or oriental fashions had something exotic and therefore historic about them. When John Palaeologus, the penultimate Byzantine emperor, visited Italy in a last effort to rally Western help against the Turks, his impressive headdress was carefully drawn by Pisanello, who also made studies of other Eastern features among the dresses of his attendants. From these the conception of oriental dress, whether for the Magi or the Queen of Sheba, was freely derived.

Mrs Newton does not confine her attention to Italy but draws, among other sources, from the court entertainments of the Emperor Maximilian I. She reproduces, among other illustrations, some leaves from the Freydal Codex at Vienna which the emperor annotated with his own hand. These depict a series of mummeries in which the performers wear "national" dress or the fashions of an earlier epoch of which the significance is not always clear. The mystery is deepened by the presence in each scene of a lone masked figure, in contemporary dress and bearing a lighted torch, who is probably the emperor himself.

Mrs Newton has assembled her evidence with knowledge and enthusiasm, starting ideas and scattering clues as she goes. It is praise, in this case, to say that she raises more questions than she answers for this is a pioneer work which opens up a new field of inquiry.

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Toga at the gates

By Marigold Johnson

SYLVIA CLAYTON:
Friends and Romans
164pp. Faber and Faber. £3.50.

The Romans of the title are the toga-wearing actors on the set of *Black Emperor*, and the friends—well, in the motion picture business, effusions of loyalty may not be much help to a has-been director. It takes a patronizing obituary of Owen Cumberland by some "trendy curate of the arts" to enrage Emma into reconstructing the twelve years during which she meets her father, works for him, and watches the smashing of his career; and in reviving him, she finds she must also reconstruct her own "gullible, tentative and disorganized" younger self. Emma had reached the age of twenty-one more or less accepting her mother's dismissal of the celebrated Owen—their liaison, and Emma's conception, having occurred during a wartime country-house weekend. She first meets her father in the Café Royal, and the instant offer of a job as his secretary on an epic about the Emperor Domitian seems to Emma a miraculous relief from shared bed-sitter and job-hunting.

As she tries to explain to Shelagh, who insists that their Oxford education has taught them nothing about "the life of the gut", *Black Emperor* is to be no big bad *Ben Hur* epic; Owen's reputation as a director rests on his fastidious historical accuracy, and the tyranny of Domitian is to be symbolic of "the impulse to destroy". Crucial to Owen's vision is the discovery of a genuine dwarf, to be seen as a shrewd, impotent commentator on his master's tyranny: the Grand Duke Vladimir, a circus Cockney and waist-high strongman, turns out to be not only a star but the one true friend sharing Emma's concern when *Black Emperor* comes to grief.

The seven-year gap that follows, while Owen goes through a bad time making commercials in the States and Emma is hurt by unsuitable love affairs, creates a big hiccup in Miss Clayton's narrative, but it soon becomes clear that there is to be a painful, ironic repetition of what happened before. This time the hiring of Emma takes place in a nameless Warwick Avenue hotel, an emaciated Owen is drinking heavily, and the project is a centenary documentary about his—and the producer's—old school.

Only gradually, in the secluded Cotswold manor house, with its new concrete study blocks for business studies, its "Brecht-and-water" Shakespeare productions and sub-Etonian Founder's Day celebrations, do the *Black Emperor* echoes begin to threaten Owen's tolerance. The climax is suitably filmable, involving the reappearance of the Grand Duke Vladimir, a catastrophic bonfire and Owen's arrest and incarceration. Only with hindsight does Emma appreciate that her own newfound ability to fall in love had left no energy for saving her father from his isolation. Perhaps we are intended to take seriously the slimily heartless comment of Owen's patron and producer, that Emma should look on her father's tragedy and betrayal "in a positive way"—she has learnt stability and survival, and the capacity for tolerance.

Miss Clayton's targets may be fairly easy—the trendy public school, the sub-intellectual film producer, the soured graduate bachelor girl—but her skill in satirizing them is unquestionable; her thumbnail sketches of media personae seem effortless: a superb couple of queer scriptwriters, a flatulently bombastic male lead, even the prim chaperone of child extras, are all hilariously convincing. Her chief skill, however, is also a potential snare: she condenses so ably, dismisses so caustically, with Waugh-like professionalism, that the reader hardly has time to consider the comments which are there to be thought about. Owen is a doomed eccentric, presented with filial affection—but are we to sneer, like the trendy obituarist, at his tiresome talk of "layers of reality" and "lengthened shadows of a personality"? Perhaps the detachment that Emma has outgrown is an intentional feature of her narration; but the author, by allowing herself a little more slack in the wry and witty style, could have avoided the sense of brittleness one feels at the end of 164 pages of pleasure.

Non-starter

By Victoria Glendinning

WALTER HEGARTY:
You Can't Get There From Here
166pp. Davis-Poynter. £3.

Walter Hegarty uses fiction to highlight social problems. He also—mercifully—has a good ear for dialogue. He comes from Derry, and his first novel, *The Price of Chips*, was about Northern Ireland. *You Can't Get There From Here* is the story of Josie, a young girl from a Dublin slum who never had a chance of physical, mental or emotional health. Her genes and her environment condemn her in advance. Her record is the sadly believable one of drunken fath[illegible], uncomprehending mother, [illegible] home conditions, precocious sexu[illegible]ity and unemployment. The boo[illegible] begins and ends as case-history: Josie, who has retreated into m[illegible] schizophrenia, is the subject of [illegible] case conference between ps[illegible]chiatrist, students and soc[illegible] worker. As she parries their we[illegible] meaning but useless questions, s[illegible] goes over her life in her head.

There are two aspects of Josie['s] experience which lift this novel o[illegible] of worthy but dreary predictabilit[illegible]. After rehabilitation in a men[illegible] health hostel, Josie is found a [illegible] in the university canteen. S[illegible] builds a fantasy of being a stude[illegible] herself; she mixes with the und[illegible]graduates and does not see t[illegible] cruel gulf between the compet[illegible] middle-class young and her shiv[illegible] self. She has no real intellect[illegible] pretensions, since her understan[illegible]ing cannot grasp exactly what th[illegible] the students do. In order to be o[illegible] of them, it seems, all you do is car[illegible] books around and talk in a cert[illegible] idiom. The second painful situat[illegible] develops from this. She is taken [illegible] by a pair of lovers from among t[illegible] students who make a slave of h[illegible] and tease her with their sex[illegible] games. They are accomplices in h[illegible] fantasy, as she is in theirs; [illegible] when they realize her mental st[illegible] and her deceptions, they reject [illegible] humiliate her.

The pathos and sinister subtl[illegible] of these two related situations [illegible] the strength of this novel, and co[illegible] municate Josie's hopelessness bett[illegible] than the Greek chorus of diagno[illegible] discussion and exposition that e[illegible] the book. When one medical stude[illegible] exclaims, "We must do so[illegible]thing!" another replies:

> Lend her a womb to be bo[illegible] with. A different womb. If t[illegible] poor girl is to go somewhe[illegible] she's got to start from somewhe[illegible] else.

There is no doubt that Mr Hega[illegible] is deeply concerned with the soc[illegible] conditions which make Josie's f[illegible]ure inevitable: "she can't [illegible] there from here". But his mess[illegible] filters through less from the cru[illegible]ing commentary than from [illegible] intimate detail of her doom[illegible] journey to nowhere. His evocati[illegible] of Josie is strong enough for [illegible] reader to have drawn his own co[illegible]clusions.

Automobile argot-nauts

By Judith Landry

BERTRAND BLIER:
Making It
Translated by Patsy Southgate
264pp. Cape. £3.95.

This is the dispiriting tale (now on dispiriting celluloid as *Les Valseuses*) of two self-made, self-righteous louts who skid round France in a series of lovingly described stolen cars, on the run, initially, from an outraged car-owner imprudent enough to shoot at one of them, and ultimately from any number of rattled bourgeois left poorer or impurer by their passing. They are dogged reclaimers of the sexual underachiever, and their good deeds are as unedifying as their bad. After 263 pages and three months of feeding their faces, busting their asses, trucking over, cheffing up, scarfing, barfing and (of course) getting their rocks off, they find themselves in the DS which they originally stole (and doctored, to avenge themselves on its presumptuous owner) and hurtle to their timely deaths.

Bertrand Blier's writing is no psalm but, until the sex starts, it does catch the boiling, contrary tone of the underdog; the boys' dazed contacts with the undoubted advantages of the bourgeois world (an early morning incursion into the orderly warmth of a doctor's foyer, the "freakish cleanliness" of an empty seaside villa) are tenderly described. Miss Southgate's American translation not only douses this spark, it condemns itself utterly with its overkill: *mec* becomes "motherfucker", *à Narbonne plage y avait pas foule* is translated as "Narbonne plage was closed up tighter than a clam's ass", *deux vieux sans télé* become "two grisly farts without a boob tube". More subtly but equally revealingly, the *tartine tremblotante de beurre* for which we cross the Channel becomes a "piece of bread smeared with jam", *fougères* become "weeds", *l'air . . . franc comme un âne qui recule* becomes "as innocent as a pregnant nun". Thus are the ancient European parapets eroded. Mercifully, the bronze hand of discretion has excised the narrator's lengthier and more ignoble fantasies from the translation.

Son of Frankenstein

By Eric Korn

ROBERT MYERS:
The Cross of Frankenstein
208pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.50.

It seems that Frankenstein didn't go over the Reichenbach Falls (or wherever), and Robert Myers has had the exciting idea of giving us a further chapter of his adventures. He explains in a preface that it had always seemed to him that Mary Shelley's furry pet was too keen and deceitful to do an Oates out there on the Arctic ice, his imaginative possibilities but half-exploited. This further rerun begins with old Dr Frankenstein's son living under an assumed name in foggy London, enjoying his sherry ("the new butt from Portugal was excellent"), and worrying about the ineluctable heredity which is leading him into the murkier coils of fringe-medicine.

Enter Frederick Greene, a malignant chandler from Baltimore, who wants help with an elixir for an unnamed client. They have the formula but there is something wrong about the surface tension:

> The congealed mass had, of course, been equally inconceivable, but the viscosity of it made sense, because the dilute residue I now had would run out of an opening in a system like water, there apparently being nothing that would slow it in any way.

The Doctor seems to know what this means, for after a few Faustian agonies, he stumbles on the answer: to heat the mixture twice "like a pomme fritte [sic]". But a last-minute scruple makes him add arsenic to the mixture before handing it over (no good: the Monster thrives on arsenic). Pausing only to seduce Felicia, an Evangelical orphan, Doctor Frankenstein is kidnapped and taken to Virginia, where a weird combo seeks his services. The alcoholic Ritter and his hillbilly sectaries anticipate the imminent resurrection of the dead, while Greene is planning a military coup by an army of zombies; Doctor Frankenstein's butler, lame and treacherous, has joined the commune, despairing of finding social justice in England. The Monster's own plans are obscure in intent but diabolical in execution, like Mr Myers's writing.

Fineboned, kittenish Jenny arranges the Doctor's escape and then fatally delays it ("I want your seed, Frankenstein, for this night I feel fertile"). He is consequently recaptured, and there is a round or [illegible] more of underground laborator[illegible] poison, treachery and pursuit, [illegible] fore Dr Frankenstein leaps abo[illegible] the stage for Washington, a pa[illegible] length ahead of the Menace, [illegible] alert a senatorial committee.

You might wait for the probab[illegible] Italian-Japanese coproduction, [illegible] the book is removed from the or[illegible] ary run of mock-Gothic daftness [illegible] the description of the orgy wh[illegible] the style—here a kind of a[illegible] stricken snigger—rises to a majes[illegible] of awfulness: "she had glided [illegible] to him as a shank of lamb se[illegible] the skewer"—right on, Mr My[illegible] write on.

What turns you off?

By Jane Miller

MOLLY PARKIN:
Up Tight
208pp. Blond-Briggs. £2.95.

Oh for those quaint alarms about sex in the head. Better by far the head than the book. Molly Parkin's *Up Tight* (exegesis withheld) comes wrapped in photographs of what can only be called the fore and hindquarters of a woman made to look like something horribly deep-frozen in a polythene bag. So horrible, indeed, as to indicate the mandatory wearing of opaque mackintosh drawers by all women always from puberty onwards. If sex, real or imagined, ever becomes extinct, and there is a good deal to suggest that it may, writers like Molly Parkin will have as much to answer for as Lord Longford or Mrs Whitehouse. Readers able to overcome the chill cast by the dust-jacket will discover that Miss Parkin's heroine is a young art teacher newly arrived in London and determined on orgasm. She is disti[illegible] uished only by narcissism aud [illegible] capacious tolerance for unpleas[illegible] men. Luckily she believes he[illegible] to be a gifted painter and a [illegible] teacher. She has also "always co[illegible] top in English" which is o[illegible] apparent, particularly when [illegible] describes a colleague as b[illegible] "like something from Dicken[illegible]

Her friendships with simil[illegible] placed girls afford conversation[illegible] which no one listens to anyone [illegible] and the reassuring sense that [illegible] is much prettier and more d[illegible] able than they are. Except fo[illegible] good portrait of the girl's fat[illegible] who is carelessly allowed to [illegible] to ashes, the novel offers little [illegible] is either amusing or enlighten[illegible] to anyone without a deep interes[illegible] either spasmic pathology or [illegible] psychosociological relation[illegible] prurience to prudery. It is a [illegible] prudery which finds stomach [illegible] bling and the buying of Ta[illegible] impossibly embarrassing in [illegible] midst of this sort of carry-on [illegible] it suggests a solution. If sex [illegible] survive we shall have to wor[illegible] methods of artificially insemin[illegible] ourselves with fairly strong [illegible] of inhibition and embarrass[illegible] *Vive la gêne.*

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[illegible] Peter Linehan

[illegible] F. O'CALLAGHAN:
[illegible]ory of Medieval Spain
[illegible] Cornell University Press [illegible]

[illegible] allowed nearly 700 pages of [illegible]gether with the full complement of genealogical tables, maps [illegible]bibliography), any author would [illegible]ard put to write a coherent [illegible]nt of 1,000 years of history. [illegible] historian who undertakes to [illegible]ibe the history of medieval [illegible]—and who, quite properly, in[illegible] Portugal—has an unenviable [illegible] to perform. How, above all, is [illegible] avoid producing the sort of [illegible] that the young Unamuno found [illegible]pellent a century ago, with its [illegible] of the comings and goings of [illegible]ounding tribes and the stage [illegible] of kings who are despatched [illegible] as they have made their [illegible]es, so that the reader comes [illegible] for an Armageddon which [illegible] them all off, marriage[illegible], divided inheritances and [illegible] a stroke, and deliver him [illegible] the map-strewn room in which [illegible]comprehensible recital is per[illegible]?

[illegible] H. V. Livermore's *History* [illegible] (second edition, 1966), upon [illegible] English readers have had to [illegible] hitherto, is of this type, [illegible] F. O'Callaghan's survey will [illegible]cially welcomed. In general [illegible] succeeded in making his narr[illegible] readable, though it would [illegible] defter pen to render intelligible, [illegible] example, the complicated [illegible] of the three kings Alfonso [illegible]stile, Portugal, and Aragon—[illegible] fourteenth century. It is per[illegible]fortunate that the author has [illegible] not to combine political and [illegible] themes, but to keep them [illegible] separate chapters. This [illegible] a rather old-fashioned [illegible] to the book, with art and [illegible] bobbing along behind, [illegible]like, in the wake of events, [illegible] in the style of the Oxford [illegible].

[illegible]ssor O'Callaghan proceeds on [illegible]sonable assumption that the [illegible] of medieval Spain per[illegible] as the recurrent theme the [illegible]ence with which men strove [illegible] the peninsula". Accord[illegible] Ferdinand and Isabella are [illegible] standing at the end of a [illegible], if interrupted, develop[illegible] Olympian approach which [illegible] of any of the preceding [illegible] calls into question, and [illegible] commits the author to a [illegible] Yeatman verdict in his epilogue on the Catholic monarchs: "After more than a century of upheaval and violent change, the Middle Ages came to a close."

Such a view of the epoch-making significance of the events of 1492 derives from Professor O'Callaghan's treatment of the Christian Reconquest in political and territorial terms, with Pelayo's embattled band advancing southward over a period of eight centuries. This approach too is open to objection. The cradle of the Reconquest, in Asturias, had not been Christianized by 711, nor had it ever submitted to the will of centralizing Visigothic kings, as the work of Barbero and Vigil has shown. Dating the "completion" of the operation to 1492 is consistent with the author's overall treatment of his subject, but it entirely fails to allow for that other Reconquest—"la reconquête des âmes" in Pierre Chaunu's phrase. To cut short the history of medieval Spain before, say, 1609, is to divide body and soul and to beg a whole chapter of questions.

This is the fullest account in English of its subject and, although the translated work of Vicens Vives is both shrewder and briefer, and Gabriel Jackson's impressionistic *Making of Medieval Spain* (1972) livelier, it will be particularly useful to students who cannot read Valdeavellano's *Historia de España* on social institutions of the period down to 1212.

There are no footnotes, and much bibliographical and historiographical matter has been brought into the text itself, to no clear advantage. The path chosen is the familiar one, and too many of the literary examples cited (only some of which are translated) are hackneyed. Specialists in particular areas will, as ever, find judgments to question and errors to correct: for example, on the alleged disappearance of Visigothic script in the eleventh century, and on the dating of the *Poema de Mio Cid* (in both of which cases the author has followed Menéndez Pidal), or on the misdescription of the thirteenth-century canonist Vincentius Hispanus as archbishop of Braga.

The publishers cannot be praised for the book's appearance, nor for the sadly unimaginative use of illustrations. They and the author are, however, to be thanked for drawing attention to a vast subject which cries out for fresh treatment. Yet, "who", in the words of Fernán Pérez de Guzmán quoted here, "is able to tell and relate the said and dolorous story of unhappy Spain and the evils that have befallen her?"

The descent on France

By George Holmes

MARGARET WADE LABARGE:
Henry V
The Cautious Conqueror
219pp. Secker and Warburg. £4.50.

Several books about Henry V for the general reader have been published in fairly recent years. Margaret Wade Labarge's *Henry V* is another and it is perhaps the best of them. None the less its appearance induces reflection on the continued taste of writers, publishers, and presumably readers, for royal biographies from the medieval period. It is difficult to imagine a more unsatisfactory class of literature. Materials from this period simply do not exist for writing "lives" in the post-Renaissance sense, not at least for the lives of kings. There are a few exceptionally good ones which may make this sweeping judgment seem unfair. But books like G. W. S. Barrow's *Robert Bruce* or Charles Ross's *Edward IV* are really general political history in disguise and their authors are not attempting biography in the ordinary sense. Biographers who are unwilling to undertake the considerable effort of research needed to reinterpret the politics of a reign in this way are condemned to a thin narrative of mostly political or administrative events clothing a wooden effigy which cannot really be brought to life. Such books do not provide a nourishing literary diet: how much one would prefer either real history or real romance.

Within these rather crippling limitations, Mrs Wade Labarge's book is a good one. It is firmly based on the printed sources both narrative and record and on the small amount of recent scholarly literature about the reign. It is realistic and quite well informed in its approach to the conventions of fifteenth-century warfare and diplomacy. It avoids sentimentality and rash speculation about impenetrable regions of Henry's character. Indeed it might be thought excessively austere in the last respect. K. B. McFarlane, who was not a rash historian, allowed himself, in an essay about the king's personality, to suggest, for example, that Henry may have had a youthful attachment to Richard II rather than to his father, who deposed and murdered Richard and to whom he seems, as prince, to have behaved at times rather coldly. As a boy of twelve Henry had been in Richard's court before the deposition carried out by Bolingbroke.

There is also the question of Henry's alleged chastity and undoubted piety. His mother died when he was seven. McFarlane suggested that his devoutness might have owed something to the influence of his long-lived grandmother, Joan Countess of Hereford, who died only two years before him. Medieval psychohistory is certainly not generally very rewarding but there are occasional clues which are worth following up.

Mrs Wade Labarge's book is inevitably nearly all about the king rather than the man, that is about politics and war and chiefly about the meteoric invasion and conquest of France. Here also there are interesting questions which could be raised. One of the remarkable things about Henry's invasion is that it took place in a period when activity by the state in western Europe was generally at a rather low ebb. How could Henry, unlike his predecessor and successor, screw out of his subjects the large sums of money necessary for warfare on the grand scale at a time when the taxation system was becoming less effective? Or again, there is the question of Henry's war aims seen against the perspective of the main English expeditions of the previous eighty years. Henry seems to have gone not just as an invader but as a conqueror. What part was played in his attitude to the war, and that of his soldiers, by the new policy of settling English gentry in Norman estates? Since the three-volume work by J. H. Wylie and W. T. Waugh (1914-29)—to which the author strangely does not refer though it is a mine of useful information sometimes drawn from unprinted sources—there has been no large-scale attack on the politics of this reign. Many problems about the political structure of England at that period would repay analysis.

The book follows conscientiously the well-trodden ground of the Oldcastle Rebellion, the Agincourt campaign, the conquest of Normandy and the Treaty of Troyes which made Henry heir to the kingdom of France. The author properly emphasizes Henry's calm but hard-working and driving efficiency which is common ground in contemporary and modern accounts. Perhaps in fact she underestimates the element of planning. For instance, it seems likely that, in view of the collection of shipping at Southampton, the strategy of the descent on Normandy and march to Calais in 1415 must have been fixed well ahead and was less a matter of uncertainty than she suggests. At the same time she does not forget that Henry's extraordinary success—many of his predecessors fought the French but only Henry was not worsted by them in the end and died victorious—was due as much to French weakness. If the kingdom had not been torn in half by the Burgundian-Armagnac division it is very unlikely that Henry could have conquered north-west France. She also describes the tough ecclesiastical policy which accompanied the personal piety and which was displayed in Henry's dealings with the Council of Constance and with his ambitious uncle, the would-be cardinal Henry Beaufort.

Mrs Wade Labarge has not attempted to write a modern analysis of the political system which Henry directed or even to reexamine the king's character very seriously. She has, however, produced a carefully documented narrative which can be recommended as a reliable account of the events of his life and reign.

Over 1,000 deserted village sites have been identified in England, and probably many others exist unrecognized. There could be yet more in the future unless present trends are reversed. John Burke's *English Villages* (199pp. Batsford. £3.50), a pleasantly illustrated ramble through rural England, lingers over the charms and historical associations of some 400 villages throughout the country. An account of village origins in general precedes the tour, while the note of warning for the future is sounded at its end. Lack of transport facilities, the extravagant price of cottages and other causes threaten the survival of small isolated communities, but while emphasizing the dangers Mr Burke makes acknowledgment of all the efforts now being made for their preservation.

[illegible]e intriguing widow

[illegible]H. Hill

[illegible] CRIPPS:
[illegible] of the Sealed Knot
[illegible] of Elizabeth Murray [illegible] of Dysart
[illegible] and 12 illustrations. Kine[illegible] The Roundwood Press. £7.50.

[illegible] Ham House, where it [illegible] Thames between Richmond and Kingston, may seldom [illegible] Dibdin's ecstatic [illegible] of it as "a very won[illegible] book-paradise"; for that paradise was lost in the [illegible] 1938 when its great [illegible], including twelve Caxtons, [illegible] the sale-room. Its founda[illegible] laid by the not unscholarly [illegible] of Lauderdale and his [illegible] it is not in the character [illegible]bibliophile that the duchess [illegible] Doreen Cripps's *Elizabeth of the Sealed Knot*.

[illegible] Countess of Dysart, [illegible] been the wife of Sir [illegible] Tollemache before accepting [illegible] as her second husband, [illegible] woman of character, a [illegible] widow" in the words [illegible] historian, and with a [illegible] political intrigue. [illegible] she became a subject for [illegible] scandalous and otherwise. [illegible] alleged to have been [illegible] mistress and to have [illegible] successfully, while Lauderdale was a prisoner, for her future husband's life. She was reputed to be a court beauty, but the face portrayed by Sir Peter Lely appears rather plain though by no means unintelligent. A malicious rumour hinted that she had poisoned her first husband, though this her biographer easily disposes of by showing that Tollemache had died abroad. As a Scot, she was thought to have "the sight", and certain mediumistic powers. One quality which is beyond doubt is her readiness to involve herself in intrigue; there is evidence of her connexion with the royalist group called the Sealed Knot, some of whose cryptic letters addressed to her as "Mrs Grey" at Covent Garden the author has decoded. Despite the book's title, however, little light is shed on Elizabeth's actual part in this conspiracy or on the underground activities in which it was engaged.

She emerges as a strong-willed, ambitious woman, violent in her friendships and her enmities—Bishop Burnet, who had once admired her, called her "ravenously covetous"—but perhaps not unworthy of the biography which after three centuries is at length accorded to her. One curious action of her later years is here recorded: after the Revolution she is said to have offered Ham House as a home for the fallen James II. Such an invitation would suggest that the inveterate intriguer had at last lost her grip on political realities.

A New Zealand 'First'
The first fully comprehensive history of The New Zealand Dairy Board from its earliest beginnings to the present day is published this month.
'A Command of Cooperatives' is an imporant work of reference for all students and researchers of the dairy industry. Written by Arthur H. Ward, former General Manager of The New Zealand Dairy Board, it is necessary reading for all involved in dairy research. This is a restricted edition limited to 2,000 copies. Make sure of your copy by sending off the coupon below.
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The intrusion of the state

By Harold Silver

E. G. WEST:
Education and the Industrial Revolution
275pp. Batsford. £6.50 (paperback, £2.95).

Since the mid-1960s E. G. West has been suggesting an approach to nineteenth-century history which would underpin his economic argument for the displacement of the state from the central role in educational provision. Under the auspices of the Institute for Economic Affairs he has argued for a "new synthesis of state and independent provision" in which something akin to the early nineteenth-century pattern might be restored. In *Education and the State* (1965) he presented a critique of the state's role in education, and his hypotheses, statistics, political and educational values, and remedies, in that book and elsewhere, occasioned varieties of controversy. Much of Professor West's earlier historical message is echoed, incorporated or elaborated in his new *Education and the Industrial Revolution*. He analyses some nineteenth-century educational statistics in order to revise our ideas about the extent and importance of education before 1870. He questions pessimistic accounts of the quality of such schooling, and challenges the basis on which the role of the state was extended.

His argument is directed against the findings of "conventional" historians of education. He attacks the assumptions underlying nineteenth-century educational statistics, and assumptions about deficiencies in pre-1870 schooling, and about the "failure" of education in the England and Scotland of the early industrial revolution. In order to "refute the hypothesis that the industrial revolution brought educational stagnation" he attacks the excessively high criteria established, in particular, by Horace Mann's 1851 education census, and shows how "reformers" and administrators inflated and misrepresented the shortfall in educational provision and quality. He portrays the "galloping administrative horse" and state involvement as outcomes of statistical distortions. Professor West's approach and conclusions are historically unacceptable for three sets of reasons.

The first relates to statistics. Professor West concentrates on the assumption that the ratio of children in school to population should be one in six—a "rule" which he traces to the 1851 census report. He argues that this was an unrealistic figure, and devotes a good deal of space to questioning the "school age" of three to fifteen on which it was based. Professor West here enters a neglected area of educational history. There is need for a sustained analysis of the relationship between the Brougham, Kerry, Mann, Newcastle and other returns and statistics, the realities and ideologies they reflect, and their outcomes in terms of ideas and activity.

Professor West's concentration on the Mann "rule" merely confuses the picture. Mann did not, as Professor West claims, argue that one in six of the population should be in school. He ambiguously hovered between a 1:8 and 1:6 criterion, and offered an age range of three to fifteen as "the utmost interval" within which "whatever school instruction a child receives . . . should be received"—Mann's most crucial point, and the reasons for which Professor West ignores.

Even more important is Professor West's assumption that Mann's hypotheses were typical of mid-nineteenth-century thinking on the subject, which in many respects they were not. They were part of a changing climate of discussion and opinion. Professor West does not even mention the statistical discussions of which Edward Baines was at the centre (with Baines in the 1840s arguing Professor West's own case, and calculating a 1:9 ratio as desirable and almost achieved). He oversimplifies the Newcastle evidence and reports, ignores the discussion of the Mann statistics, and is silent on the evidence to the commission which shows the extent of reasoned support of at least something like Mann's age-group hypothesis. In doing so he fails to discuss W. B. Hodgson's critique of the Mann figures as *under*-painting the real picture, and the support from leading Protestant, Catholic and Jewish witnesses, in response to a commission questionnaire, for the assumption that schooling figures should be based on an upper age limit of, variously, thirteen, fourteen or fifteen—varying for boys and girls.

Professor West portrays a sinister connivance to pretend that ten years or so was a "normal" or practicable school life for working-class children, when there was no such general assumption. It was widely agreed that about a half to three fifths of children *on the books* (which Professor West persistently confuses with *at school*) should be in attendance in the three to fifteen age group, and that anything from a few months to about six years was the most common extent of schooling. It is that context in which regional, urban-rural and other factors need to be placed, and the differences between practice and aspiration discussed. Professor West ignores not only Baines, but also voluntaryist statisticians arguing on his behalf at other points—including the evidence at the time of the 1852 Manchester and Salford Bills, with the calculation that a half of the children age three to fifteen should be expected to be "under instruction" at any one time. Professor West alludes to administrative exaggeration of deficiencies without reference to s of the most crucial of the i tors' discussions of the subject d ing the period.

The evidence he discusses is ted and disembodied. There is no cussion of why three to fifteen three to twelve, or five to were used as bases of calculation makes no reference to the inf school movement, which doubtedly contributed from 1830s to thinking about the lo age. He discusses the upper age fifteen as unrealistic without re ring to the data which HMI's w publishing from the 1840s to sh appreciable proportions of scho visited with pupils in the thirt to fifteen range, especially the case of girls. Profe West's presentation of the ni teenth-century statistics is tial and unrepresentative, does not show where differen of treatment and emphasis occur He fails to show data either as of a context, or as part of a chang sequence. He misrepresents claims of their authors, and does see the tenuous historical basis his own.

The second point about Profe West's approach concerns quality of education. Attempting combat underestimates of quality of pre-1870 schooling, singles out the credibility of Dickens picture for attack. is curious how the Dickens' pressions are to this day used out qualification in serious wo in the history of educatio Where? A footnote tells us—S. Curtis's long outdated *History Education in Great Britain*. is a technique Professor West here and in other places in book. The *only* "serious work" mentions was published in 19 The three most recent histories education covering Professor We period do not, in fact, menti Dickens in their index, and a four refers only to Dickens's picture a "parody". It is fifteen ye since Brian Simon wrote schools were "by no means all bad as the school rightly held to obloquy by Charles Dickens Professor West argues against pha toms, accuses historians whom has not read of conventions wh they do not possess, and pro what everyone already knows— there were some improvements the quality of education in the fir three quarters of the nineteenth ce tury. Reality does not enter th empty world.

By the 1860s, runs Profess West's crucial argument in reje ing the Forster departure of 187 most children were getting som schooling, most parents were wi ingly paying fees for it, and mo people were literate. But the r lated, vital questions are not aske Although he wages war agai Dickens he gets nowhere near an literature that might help to el cidate the qualities of "schooling and raises no questions abo church and dissent and the sing school areas, for example, as t related to the attitudes of paren He returns time and again to rebuttal of the charge of "edu tional decline" in the industr revolution (a concept that no hi torian I know of would, in fac accept) without once discussin either the pre-industrial history schooling, or the problems of cu tural and social change which mu be faced if discussions of, for ex ample, literacy or educational ec nomics are to have any kind meaning.

The third point relates to th dangers of bringing simplistic ve sions of quantitative methods in historical writing, as well as of man pulating in historical terms ideolo gical standpoints tested out in no historical fields. Professor West statistical efforts bear no relatio to the recent work in quantitativ history in Europe and Nor America. His versions of the st tistics misrepresent what the v torians reported and were prepar to accept, by divorcing selected d from essential explanations. Hi vision of "conventional" histo obstructs any real contact with hi tory. The book reminds us areas of educational history that in need of informed and sensit analysis. Professor West's boo however, is confusing and mislea ing. It is also inaccurate. Wh I found the thirtieth error in th bibliography, a persistent belief o Professor West's part that the hon orary secretary of the Nationa Education League was called Jes Collins, and errors in reprintin even Professor West's own earli work, I felt that the book was least consistent.

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Dissolving minorities

By C.S. Fenton

Y DENCH:
se in London
se study in the erosion of
c consciousness
Routledge and Kegan Paul.

Maltese in London Geoff has written a thoroughly ding and thoughtful study group of postwar immi in which he sets out to the absence of communal rity among them. In Durkhei vein, Mr Dench argues that the istic" character of Maltese rant society is damaging both the Maltese and for Britain. study then becomes the g for a consideration of Bri socio-political values and policy, ticular the classic tension be freedom and community. great skill he displays some consequences of the appli of liberal theory to the incorporation of ethnic racial minorities into British structure. If concern for col forms, community and are seen as antithetical to individualism, then the logical tradition is almost uni in the intellectual world in ing a strong current of anti alism. Mr Dench belongs to tradition; he is anti-liberal not priori grounds, but because he that liberalism, in matters racial and ethnic integration, with all its contradictions, a great disservice.

the sphere of ethnic relations, implies absorption, the cial mobility of immigrants, the disappearance of ethnic identity:

e cornerstone of liberalism commitment to the concept the "open society", in all men are free to mine for themselves their destinies, and are at the time seen as being able to the common good most tively in seeking to express selves fully as individuals.

Dench's contention is that difficulties stem from the fact this does not happen, nor can expected to happen. Contrary to the sociological analysis of modernism, which holds that particularistic loyalties wither away, he sees class-collective, regional and ethnic attachments as having continuing and perhaps increasing importance and meaning. He implies that broad sections of the population "know" that liberalism is false; collective sentiments are real: the assignment of "racial" sentiment to the category of irrationality is the classic Gunnar Myrdal mistake.

This kind of argument also points the finger at Marxists, for whom the only rational collective sentiment is class sentiment. Certainly the presence of nationalistic, regional and racial identities in modern societies has posed problems for Marxists and their response has been, in my view, singularly unimpressive. The treatment of these phenomena as false consciousness, as aberrations, has been more assertive than convincing. The argument that racialism arises from a ruling conspiracy to divide the working class may well have some foundation, but as the single weapon of analysis it can wear very thin. Marxism itself, Mr Dench argues, embodies many of the classic liberal ideals and "the rationalism of the eighteenth century enlightenment". He cites Paul Foot who "roundly condemns liberalism for its hypocrisy, then carries on to make a thoroughly Victorian plea for individualism and universalism".

There is virtue in Mr Dench's arguments here, but some readers will find his grounds for a swift dismissal of the socialist solution slender indeed.

Mr Dench however goes further than this. He sees John Rex's wish for a broad definition of racism as stemming from the fact that:

His real concern is not so much with combating racialism . . . as with wielding the slur of racialism against anyone bold enough to utter propositions antithetical to dogmatic liberalism. This is significant because it is arguable that the real issue underlying the crisis in community relations in Britain is not racialism as such, but the more fundamental question of whether liberal individualism still provides a relevant language for social and political relations. As the debates on immigration have unfolded, it has become increasingly evident that the values of a large proportion of the British public are now basically anti-liberal, and indeed may never have been anything else.

The combined effect of establishment liberalism (enjoining assimilation) and popular "racism" (ie, category thinking) is to produce a resentful racial pride among minorities or a flight from the very ethnic solidarity which could provide a stable basis for sub-community life; or both. The liberal response to the arrival of racial minorities tends to produce the results it abhors. Clearly Mr Dench believes that sub-community solidarity is essential to a stable society and that ethnic minorities can provide this solidarity if permitted. Thus he ends by advocating forms of political decentralization calculated to grant status to these communities.

It is here that one could become suspicious of his desire for social stability. "What is important", he writes, "is not that all individuals should have equal opportunities, but that the hierarchical relation between élite and masses should cut across, instead of coinciding with ethnic divisions." Intergroup relations, he argues, could follow the Dutch model of being conducted in a diplomatic manner at élite level. What really matters is that minority-group members sponsored into the élite are selected "according to considerations which do not simultaneously excite the aspirations of lower-class members of the dominant community".

Mr Dench, by this stage, has moved towards proposals for ingenious forms of sociological engineering, with control and stability as the central values. The class system and the élite structure remain intact, the social order is rearranged. How long, we might ask, would ethnic minorities continue to trust their sponsored elite if they too failed to deliver the goods? What forms of sub-group solidarity would satisfy the majority of the British working-class? At this point we may suspect a weakness in Mr Dench's sociologism; there are difficulties in making community solidarity the central fact of social analysis.

Mr Dench arrives at these considerations at the end of his close study of the Maltese. He estimates that there are some 13,000 Maltese immigrants in this country, the bulk of whom live in London. The first two-thirds of the book documents their experience of Britain and attempts to explain the "erosion of their ethnic consciousness". The case-study leads smoothly into the general considerations which we have discussed. He succeeds in making his account of an immigrant group tell us as much about British society as about the Maltese themselves. And while his thirty-page conclusion could be read alone as an exceptionally interesting essay on minorities and majorities, it has all the more appeal for following a fascinating case-study.

There has been a sad identification of the Maltese with crime in London; this has encouraged their category treatment by others and their own wish to dissociate. Respectable Maltese tend to flee the community, thus leaving the adventurous and criminal sector all the more to its own devices. If group blame is designed to promote internal social control its results are the opposite. Mr Dench finds the causes of Maltese criminality in the processes of "selective" recruitment, in the prohibitive religious culture of Malta which the young escape, and finally in Britain's exploitation of Malta as a garrison economy. His interpretation of the undermining of Maltese communal life is occasionally repetitious and perhaps too long; but the interest is held—for the sociologist, the criminologist and the general reader.

Ethnic explanations

By Martin Richards

MICHAEL BANTON and JONATHAN HARWOOD:
The Race Concept
160pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £4.50.

In *The Race Concept* a social scientist and biologist collaborate in writing a commentary on ideas about racial differences for social science students. Having looked historically at the idea of race, they give an account of some biological ideas on the subject and then discuss the work of psychologists and anthropologists, concentrating on the issue of race and IQ.

As well as illuminating contemporary concerns, the topic of race differences can provide an excellent subject around which to organize teaching for social science students, for it leads analysis in many directions and does not allow the sidestepping of essential problems about the relationship of the biological and social sciences, and the necessity of some historical perspective. The topic is far from an easy one, and demands a rather unusual combination of disciplinary knowledge; and Michael Banton and Jonathan Harwood deserve praise for their courage in tackling it. But their book is disappointing. Too often their account fails to rise above the sectarian squabbles of the various disciplines which have taken up the problem, and they do not always carry their own insights over from one part of the argument to another.

In the historical section, the authors rightly dismiss crude ideas of economic determinism—that race theories were produced to justify and legitimate colonial policies—but they then veer to another equally absurd extreme: that race theories originated as an unfortunate mistake by ill-informed scientists. Such a notion hardly provides an adequate framework for viewing nineteenth-century science, and misleadingly suggests that science can exist in isolation from political and economic concerns. This viewpoint also overemphasizes the influence of scientists—had the scientists made a rather different mistake, say that all races are biologically identical, would the history of the past century or so have been very different?

The weakest part of the book is the discussion of group differences in IQ and the history of the IQ concept. Too little is made of the involvement of American psychologists in the formation and application of immigration policies. The authors accept too easily the claims of Arthur R. Jensen, H. J. Eysenck and their ilk of the utility of the concept of IQ. Had the authors carried over some of the ideas of developmental biologists about epigenesis and socio-cultural evolution, which they use in another context, and applied them to the work on IQ, they might have transformed a very ordinary discussion into something more original and useful.

Despite these criticisms, this book will have its uses, if only because of the scope of its discussion. Many social scientists could profit from more knowledge of biology. All too often they still regard the use of arguments stemming from biology and genetics as a survival of reactionary nineteenth-century dogma. They can be, as in so many arguments about racial differences or in the writings of some ethologists. The superficial appeal of this style of theorizing can easily be countered with a little accurate biological knowledge which can expose the reductionist and determinist fallacies. This book will help to provide social science students with such knowledge.

The law on the factory floor

By R.J. Beishon

WEEKES, MICHAEL
LINDA DICKENS and
LLOYD:
Relations and the Limits
Law
Industrial Effects of the Industrial Relations Act, 1971
Oxford: Blackwell. £7.50.

1971 the then Conservative ment introduced the Industrial Relations Act in an attempt to aspects of industrial relations control by using the law. In of widespread opposition trade unions, the TUC, and representatives of management, the Act attempted to replace ly voluntary system of industrial relations by a more formal system using the courts. main provisions of the Act the following: workers had a right to belong or not to a union; collective agreements were to be legally enforceable (unless a disclaimer clause present); workers could get for "unfair" dismissal; unions and employers' would have legal rights only if they were registered. The Act tremendous controversy bitter industrial confrontation throughout its short life and the first acts of the 1974 Government was to repeal

Relations and the of Law takes us briefly the provisions of the Act then looks at the effects the Act on certain key areas: dismissal, closed shops, trade union members, trade union responsibility and recognition, collective bargaining, and industrial action. Each of these is discussed in a chapter which surveys the main cases or events and analyses them in relation to the intentions of those responsible for framing the Act. The more important cases are discussed in considerable detail; there is, for example, a blow-by-blow chronology of the 1972 docks dispute which makes particularly interesting reading.

The research for this study included surveys of employees, union officials, etc, and studies of public files and court records. The evidence collected by the researchers shows that in virtually every area the Act failed to have the effect intended by those who framed it, and that it had no positive impact on industrial relations at all. For example, on the emotive and vital issue of the closed shop, the Act stipulated that a worker could refuse to join a union. Yet there were very few cases of people resigning union membership among the sixty firms where this aspect was studied, and in most cases of difficulty the managements concerned were as anxious to avoid using the law as were the unions. And even in the widely publicized case of James Langston and Chryslers—which went on for over two years—the management eventually dismissed him and the National Industrial Relations Court refused in the end to order the company to take him back.

The authors of the book quite openly reveal their bias against the Act and the motivation behind it, but they have nevertheless produced a formidable array of evidence to show both how and why the Act failed, evidence which must give cause for doubt to anyone who thinks that legal regulation of industrial relations is desirable, necessary or even possible. On account of its opposition to the Act, the book rather tends to give the impression that all would be well with industrial relations if only employers and employees were left to sort out their problems using existing bargaining procedures without statutory interference. No doubt the authors have their own prescription for industrial peace and it is perhaps unfair to expect them to present it in this book. But, whatever the authors' views, it is clear that many of the Act's intentions were fairly generally supported in the country and that, in part, the Act's problems lay more with the difficulty of *framing* laws rather than with the *use of law*.

Perhaps the main value of this book actually lies in a different area. Our political masters seem to be proud of working on a pragmatic basis; true, they have little in the way of social theory to draw on in making their decisions. This book, however, provides something of considerable value; it gives us a detailed account of what can be regarded as a piece of social experimentation. By analysing a single Act which operated for a relatively brief time in the recent past we now at least have a documented and accessible record of what happens when we try to use the law to regulate industrial behaviour. We can only hope that our decision-makers study this book carefully and bear its lessons in mind the next time this issue arises, as it surely will.

The riparian scene

By Priscilla Metcalf

PHILIP HOWARD:
London's River
258pp and 16 illustrations. Hamish Hamilton. £6.50.

Philip Howard's *London's River* is a welcome addition to Thames literature, conveying some sense of the tidal life-force coming and going between the Shell Building and the Savoy, along with a delightfully literate feeling for the human ebb and flow all around. An introductory chapter having set the Thames in its context of London history (or vice versa), the narrative proceeds informatively and agreeably down river from Hampton Court and Tagg's Island at one end of Greater London to the docks and sewage works at the other. For the main body of the book, much twice-told history of riverside communities and eccentricities has been intelligently selected and interlarded with less known material.

Mr Howard's daily experience in reporting greater and lesser London eccentricities to the readers of *The Times* makes this a smooth voyage, interspersed with literary tags from his wide reading. A final chapter on the future of the Thames not only sees the river as an emblem of continuity "in rhythm with the universe", but describes the various options now faced by town planning and industry there. "As long as the British remain in business", he concludes hopefully, "the Thames will continue to be one of the great rivers of the world."

There are a few lapses in visual discrimination. Mondial House in Thames Street is only mentioned as an international communications centre, not as the great white inhuman-scaled ziggurat that it is—produced by the Department of the Environment. Since the author disarmingly brackets the demon reviewer with Macaulay's odious schoolboy, it seems odious also to point out one missing, indispensable river monument: the watergate at the foot of Buckingham Street. Sunk below the level of Embankment Gardens and many yards now from the water, there is no more haunting relic of the old shoreline and the old boating life of the river—except for the gilded barges and little wherries now moored in the National Maritime Museum. Hurrying to mention things Philip Howard might put into a second edition suggests the pleasure of his book.

Books in brief

Local History

HILL, ROSALIND M. T. (Editor). *The Rolls and Registers of Bishop Oliver Sutton.* Volume VII. 192pp. Lincoln Record Society. £6.

Bishop Sutton, that "very good and vertuous man" as Francis Godwin described him, held the see of Lincoln for nineteen years from 1280 to 1299. The editing of his episcopal records for the Lincoln Record Society continues at a measured pace of approximately a volume in a lustrum: the fifth volume appeared in 1965, the sixth in 1970. The present one contains the ordinations of clergy during the last sixteen months of the bishop's life. It is equipped with full indices and an introduction in which particular attention is given to the system of titles, or grants made to ordinands by religious houses to provide for their support. These, the editor infers, were more than simply charitable bursaries to deserving young men, but what return the monasteries got for their large capital outlay is not apparent. She examines also the names of the ordinands, which show that at this period nearly every surname still derived from a man's place of birth or residence, though a few professional names already appear, such as Chamberlain and Dyer, or such descriptive ones as Brown and Nightingale (the last being that of a cathedral chorister).

LINDSAY, JEAN. *A History of the North Wales Slate Industry.* 376pp. Newton Abbott: David and Charles. £6.50.

The North Wales slate industry has a history which runs from Roman times to the present day. Employment and output in the industry reached a peak in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, when over 14,000 men worked in the quarries, and many towns and villages, such as Blaenau Ffestiniog and Bethesda, expanded rapidly under its influence. Since then the industry has been in decline, and in 1972 fewer than 1,000 men were employed; the famous Dinorwic Quarry which closed in 1969 marked the end of an era. Jean Lindsay has provided a detailed and well researched account of these developments, and the book is packed with information. Sadly, however, it is not always presented in a coherent or easily readable form.

Ornithology

FERGUSON-LEES, JAMES, HOCKLIFFE, QUENTIN and ZWEERES, KO (Editors). *A Guide to Bird Watching in Europe.* 298pp. Bodley Head. £3.95 (paperback, £2.50).

The dust jacket claims that this is "a completely new kind of bird book" but this is simply not true; its subject matter is exactly that covered by John Gooders in *Where to Watch Birds in Europe*, and comparison between the two is inevitable. The main difference between the books is that Mr Gooders's work is entirely written by himself, whereas in the present one each country is dealt with by a native ornithologist. This adds interest, but the resulting diversity of styles does not help ease of reference. The distribution tables at the end are, however, a novel and useful feature. Detailed comparison, country by country, shows—as might be expected—that some are covered more fully than by Mr Gooders, some not so well. Bird watchers intending to travel in Europe would be well advised to possess both books.

Social Studies

WARD, COLIN and FYSON, ANTHONY. *Streetwork.* 139pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3.

Perception studies, town trails, environmental games and simulations, and streetwork centres are all over-elaborate names for some useful approaches to secondary schoolwork aimed at making school more relevant to the lives of young people. Much of the advice given in this book is practical and particularly useful for work with the less intelligent fifteen-year-olds detained unwillingly in the classroom by the recent raising of the school-leaving age. There is sound sense in taking these young adults beyond their school walls to look at society at work and play. The concluding chapter on resource material ranges from the obvious suggestion to scan the local paper intelligently for issues worth exploring to descriptions of teaching packs like Shelter's *Housing and You* and other products of what the authors aptly name "the hand-out revolution".

Sports and Pastimes

BYRNE, ROBERT and NEI, IVO. *Both Sides of the Chessboard.* 211pp. Batsford. £3.50.

Another account of the world championship match between Fischer and Spassky at Reykjavik in 1972 and this time one that has the benefit of being written by two grandmasters who were intimately concerned with the affair. Ivo Nei as one of Spassky's seconds and Robert Byrne as correspondent and representative of the grandmasters in the American camp. Accounts are given of the preceding matches by which Fischer attained the match and then the games of the great match are analysed intensively. This is the claim, but disappointingly the authors, though writing well after the event, have little or nothing to add to the knottier points in disputed passages of analysis and throw no real light on the more mysterious moves that were played in the match.

Wine and Food

HOWE, ROBIN. *Cooking from the Heart of Europe.* 192pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.95.

Cabbage and caraway seeds, paprika and dumplings, Sacher Torte and sour cream—these are some of the things one associates with central European cooking—good, nourishing, basic, but fundamentally rich fare. Robin Howe has chosen a selection of recipes from south Germany, Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia that are imaginative and good value. There is a brief résumé of each country's eating habits—second breakfasts in Austria, *Schmankerl* (the little meal that is just enough to keep you going between meals) in south Germany, sugared wafers from Czechoslovakia and *gulyás* from Hungary. There are at least fifteen recipes for dumplings both sweet and sour in the book—we are told that a good dumpling recipe used to be part of a young girl's dowry in Czechoslovakia. Unusual recipes include paprika fish with red wine from Austria, stuffed goose which is a regular item on the Czech festive table, and fruit dumplings with curd cheese. This is an attractive book, marred only by a garish and thoroughly unappetizing cover photograph.

Information please

William Morris: where in the writings of William Morris does the following quotation appear? "No man is good enough to be another man's master."

L. Corn[illegible]
32 Chambers Lane, L[illegible]
NW10.

William Morris: whereabouts of Morris's own marked co[py of] *Sigurd the Volsung*.

Stuart C. Ble[illegible]
Department of English Lan[guage] and Literature, Ohio Univ[ersity], Ellis Hall, Athens, Ohio, USA.

Eden Phillpotts (1862-1960): information about his works which are not publicly available, [includ]ing letters, lectures, inscri[ptions], reviews and comments by or [about] the author.

J. Y. Dayan[anda]
Department of English, Haven State College, Haven, Pennsylvania, USA.

Anthony Trollope: any infor[mation] about articles by him which appeared in obscure English [and] Commonwealth periodicals.

Phillip A. Hol[illegible]
Department of English, [illegible] State University, San [illegible] Texas 76901, USA.

Anthony Trollope: photocop[ies of] any Trollope letters in private [hands] and permission to include [them in] a new edition of letters auth[orized] by the Trollope literary Esta[te].

N. John [illegible]
Department of English, [illegible] Community College, Uni[illegible] Avenue and 181 Street, [illegible] New York 10453, USA.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LIBRARIANS

BRISTOL POLYTECHNIC

APPLICATIONS invited for a post of six months duration as

TEMPORARY LIBRARIAN (Business, management)

offering a service largely to staff and students of the Regional Management Centre and its associated departments and organizations.

Candidates should be chartered librarians with appropriate qualifications and/or experience.

Further details and application forms to be returned by 14th November, 1975, from Personnel Office, Bristol Polytechnic, Ashley Down, Bristol BS7 9BU. Please quote post reference number ABL/188 in all communications.

DERBYSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

SINFIN COMMUNITY SCHOOL
Farmhouse Road, Derby
DE2 3AR

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST as part-time SCHOOL LIBRARIAN to control the development of a small but growing Library/Resource Area. Applicants will be offered an appointment for 42 weeks per year. Salary within the range AP III according to qualifications and experience.

Forms and particulars may be obtained from the Headmaster.

UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA
Norwich
PRINCIPAL LIBRARY ASSISTANT (CATALOGUING)
(Re-Advertisement)

Applications are invited for the above post in the Cataloguing Department. Starting salary according to experience on a point within the scale £2,067 to £2,703 per annum.

Candidates should be chartered librarians with considerable experience of cataloguing, preferably in an academic library, and should be prepared to undertake supervisory duties in the Department. Knowledge of French and German is desirable.

Applications, giving full particulars of age, qualifications, and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Librarian, University of East Anglia, University Plain, Norwich, NR4 7TJ, not later than November 24, 1975.

JORDANHILL COLLEGE OF EDUCATION GLASGOW

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for a post as Assistant Librarian in the College Library from January 1976. Applications will also be considered from those who have completed their professional examinations but are not yet Chartered Librarians.

Salary scale: £2,922 to £3,366.

Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Secretary, Jordanhill College of Education, 76 Southbrae Drive, Glasgow G13 1PP, to whom completed forms should be returned within 10 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

FRANCISCAN CENTRAL LIBRARY
Canterbury

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in this academic library serving the Franciscan Study Centre opened two years ago and associated with the University of Kent. The library consists of about 40,000 volumes and is growing rapidly. The post involves responsibility under the Librarian for all sides of library administration, including classification, and cataloguing. The candidate should be a chartered librarian. Some familiarity with philosophy and theology as well as modern languages and/or Latin will be an advantage. Ability to type is essential. Salary £2,600 p.a. for a qualified candidate.

Applications (naming two referees) not later than 24th November to the Rev. Librarian, O.F.M., Franciscan Study Centre, Canterbury CT2 7NA, who will also furnish further information on request.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HAVERING

LIBRARIES AND CULTURAL ACTIVITIES DIVISION

PRINCIPAL ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, AP 5 (£4,086-£4,366 p.a.). Applicants should be Chartered Librarians.

Application forms and further particulars from Borough Librarian & Arts Officer, Central Library, St. Edward's Way, Romford RM1 3AR. Closing date: November 22nd 1975.

PORTSMOUTH AND SOUTH EAST HAMPSHIRE HEALTH DISTRICT

LIBRARIAN

Salary commencing at £2,601 and rising by seven annual increments to £3,534.

The post is based at Saint Mary's Hospital, the librarian being responsible for the libraries at other hospitals in the District. The library provides resources for the education of all National Health Service staff in the district and basic information services to management.

Applicants should be graduates with experience in special librarianship, and will be expected to develop library services in the district and to contribute to the general development of services provided by the Wessex Regional Library and Information Service.

37 hour, 5 day week worked Monday to Friday.

Application form and further details from: Personnel Officer, Saint Mary's Hospital, Portsmouth, PO3 6AD—telephone Portsmouth 22331, ext. 19. Closing date 17.11.75.

ASSISTANT CATALOGUER required by BBC Television News in West London to catalogue and classify colour and monochrome photographs. Professional qualifications in classification and cataloguing, experience of cataloguing work, and an appreciation of the requirements for all photographs for television programming use, are essential. Typing ability desirable. Salary: £2,697 per annum (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) by £111 to £3,267 per annum.—Write or telephone immediately for application form (enclosing addressed foolscap envelope and quoting reference 75.G.868T.L.S.) to Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Telephone 01-580 4468 ext. 4619.

THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

LIBRARY AND INFORMATION SERVICES
LIBRARY ASSISTANTS (COI and COII)

Applicants must have a genuine interest in librarianship and hold two 'A' levels or a first degree. Previous experience an advantage; good experience and training provided.

Salary scales: COI, £1,806 to £2,406 per annum plus £416 London Allowance; COII, £1,617 to £2,712 per annum plus £416 London Allowance.

Commencing salary according to post offered with additional increments for graduates and qualified but not chartered librarians.

Closing date: 24th November 1975.

Details and application forms from Nancy Hammond, Library Education and Training Officer, The Polytechnic of North London, Holloway Road, London, N7 8DB.

CITY OF DUNDEE DISTRICT COUNCIL

CIVIC AMENITIES DIVISION
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT
TRAINEE LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from student librarians who have completed postgraduate library school training, or who have completed or will shortly complete the professional examination of the Library Association.

Salary scale rising to a maximum of £2,829.

Application forms may be obtained from the Personnel Officer (Recruitment), 14 City Square, Dundee, DD1 3BY. Completed applications should be lodged with the undersigned by 22nd November, 1975.

GORDON S. WATSON, Town Clerk and Chief Executive, City Chambers, Dundee DD1 3BY.

LANCASHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

FLEETWOOD NAUTICAL COLLEGE
TEMPORARY FULL-TIME TUTOR/LIBRARIAN

The appointment is temporary during the period of secondment of the present Tutor/Librarian. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians preferably with commercial, industrial and/or teaching experience in English and/or Liberal Studies. Salary: Lecturer Grade I (£2,469-£4,377).

The appointment is for 2 terms and duties to commence as soon as possible.

Further details/form from the Principal, at the college, Broadwater, Fleetwood, as soon as possible.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNITY MEDICINE

LIBRARIAN required for busy research and teaching unit housed in separate building close to main hospital. Previous experience essential. Community Medicine is an interesting and expanding field of medicine covering a wide variety of disciplines.

Salary within the range of £2,691 to £3,534 plus £312 London Weighting. Season ticket loans, social club, subsidised meals.

Applications including telephone numbers should be sent to Professor W. W. Holland, Department of Community Medicine, St. Thomas's Hospital Medical School, London SE1 7EH, by 14th November, 1975.

AMERICAN EMBASSY

UNITED STATES INFORMATION SERVICE invites immediate application for the post of ASSISTANT REFERENCE LIBRARIAN. Professional library qualifications required. American experience, whether acquired through study or library service, desirable but not essential. Applications in writing to Personnel Office, American Embassy, London W1A 1AE.

A message to Librarians

"Reference to the published careers literature of The Library Association shows that for the last quarter of a century, at least, *The Times Literary Supplement* has been noted as a job advertising medium. It therefore did not occasion any surprise for me that your Survey of use by librarians showed it to be pre-eminent in this field. What did surprise me greatly was just how pre-eminent it proves to be: it seems to have no peers and no close competitors." —*writes a well-known Chartered Librarian.*

Whenever you need to recruit library staff, the TLS is clearly without a close rival. Advertisement space may either be booked in display sizes on the basis of £2.75 single column centimetre and pro rata (minimum size 9cm single column) or on a lineage basis of 44p per line (minimum of 3 lines).

For further details please contact The Advertisement Manager, TLS, P.O. Box No. 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ (Tel.: 01-837 1234, ext. 7736 or 437).

VACANT APPOINTMENTS

PUBLISHER'S representative, expert in selling distribution, required by new enterprise.—Write 25 Melville Road, London, S.W.13.

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND NEW ZEALAND

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following appointment:

SENIOR LECTURESHIP in DRAMA (Department of English). The position is a newly established one within the Department of English. The University seeks a person with high academic qualifications in drama, and also with practical experience in the theatre. Knowledge of theatre administration would be an advantage. Candidates should have proven ability to work with student actors and producers. Applications close 30th November, 1975.

Salary: Senior Lecturer NZ$10,081 rising to $11,792, in exceptional cases up to $12,117. Commencing salary will be determined in accordance with qualifications and experience.

Further particulars, conditions of appointment and application procedure may be obtained from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts.), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

UNIVERSITY LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of UNIVERSITY LIBRARIAN. Appointment from a date to be arranged.

Salary in the professorial range, plus superannuation.

Further particulars obtainable for the Registrar, University of Birmingham, P.O. Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT, to whom applications (12 copies, one from overseas applicants), naming three referees should be sent by November 30, 1975.

UNIVERSITY OF GUYANA

VACANCY: CHAIR—DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Applications are invited to fill the CHAIR of LINGUISTICS in the Department of English.

The appointment will be at the level of full Professor. Applicants should have a Ph.D. degree in Linguistics with at least ten years teaching and research experience plus acceptable publications. The successful applicant will be responsible for teaching Linguistics and supervising the Linguistics Section of the Department of English. It would be an advantage if the applicant is qualified to teach Stylistics.

Salary Scale, (US$1 equals G$2.55) UA1: G$17,480.00 x $600.00—$22,680.00 per annum. (Point of entry on the scale will be determined by qualifications and experience.)

Benefits include housing allowance, contributory medical and pension schemes, and study leave. Anyone recruited from overseas will receive up to four full economy air passages from point of recruitment (i.e. for himself, wife and unmarried children up to eighteen years of age), limited removal expenses and a settling-in allowance.

Applications (3 copies) stating name, date of birth, marital status, qualifications with dates obtained, work experience (dates), names and addresses of three referees (one of the referees must be your present or last employer where applicable), must reach the Personnel Section, University of Guyana, P.O. Box 841, Georgetown, Guyana, before 30th November, 1975.

BUSINESS SERVICES

AUTHORS MSS., Theses, etc., typed by experts. "Rush job" service for work. I.B.M. typewriting, automatic typewriting, [illegible] duplicating, offset litho pr[inting], etc.—Central London T[yping] Pool, 32/34 Rupert St., [W.1.] 437 1067 (6 lines)

MSS typed—accurate and pro[mpt], IBM typewriter—25p per [1,000] words.—J. Hague, Maid[stone] 54050.

PETER COXSON Academic [and] Literary Typing, 876 8[illegible] 0198.

LITERARY

CORBETT PRIZE IN NA[VAL] HISTORY

An essay competition fo[r the] Julian Corbett Prize, value [illegible] will be held in 1976. Subject[s to] be submitted for approval [by] 1 January. Particulars from [the Secre]tary, Institute of Historical [Re]search, University of L[ondon], Senate House, London WC1E [7HU].

RESEARCH ASSISTAN[T]

Oxford graduate with five [years] library experience undertake[s com]missions, including tra[nslation] French and German. Access [British] Museum and major libraries.

Ring 328 4397

ROYAL COUNT[Y] OF BERKSHIR[E]

Berkshire County Libra[ry]

ASSISTANT SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN

Salary: Special Scale f[or] Librarians (£2,127-£3,[illegible])

This post is located at County Library Headquarters, Reading. Applications invited from suitably qualified librarians.

Further particulars and application forms from County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Abbey Mill House, Abbey Sq[uare], Reading RG1 3BH, to be returned by Tuesday [illegible] November, 1975.

[CL]ASSIFIED [ADVE]RTISEMENTS

BED[FOR]DSHIRE COUN[TY C]OUNCIL COUN[TY L]IBRARY

[Applications are invited for] the following vac[ancy]:

[SC]HOOL LIBRA[RIAN]

[Wo]rgton Upper Sc[hool] [and] The Cedars Upper [Sch]ool, Leighton Bu[zzard]

[Ch]artered Librarians [with] experience in school or [colle]ge librarianship [or] public libraries are invited [to] apply. Salary: [Librari]ans' Career Grade, AP3-5 [(£2,922-]£4,095), with [progre]ssion beyond £3,282 and [£3,7]02 dependent [on t]he level of responsibility [under]taken. First-C[la]ge Benefits.

[A]SSISTANT SC[HOOL]S LIBRARIAN

[Requi]red at Bedford [Centra]l Library Centre to join a [team] of four Assist[ant Sc]hools Librarians providing [library] services to [school]s of schools. Salary: Lib[rarians'] Scale (£2,153), or Librarians' Career [Gra]de AP3-5 (£2,922) for Chartered Librarians. [Prog]ression beyond [£3,282] and £3,702, however, will [be] dependent upon [le]vel of responsibility under[taken].

[APPL]ICATION FOR[MS] AND FURTHER DETAILS [AV]AILABLE FROM PERSONNEL OFFICER, [CO]UNTY HALL, BE[DFORD]. TEL: BEDFORD 63222, [Ext.] 108. Closing d[ate: No]vember 21st, 1975.

OXFORDSHI[RE C]OUNTY LIBRARIES

ASSISTA[NT] LIBRARIAN

[Appl]ications for the[s]e post are invited from suit[ably] qualified Librar[ians].

[The] person appoint[ed w]ill act initially as Assistant [to] the Librarian, Bu[rf]owle Library, who is respon[sib]le for the effici[ent a]dministration both of Bury [Kno]wle Branch Libr[ary,] Oxford and of the Central [Pub]lic Library serv[ing t]he City of Oxford, and will [be] required to tak[e so]me responsibility for work [with] children in the t[wo li]braries.

[Sal]ary will be on Librarian's scale, £2,127-[£3,2]82 per annum, [start]ing on the scale will be [acco]rding to qualif[icatio]ns and experience, but the [minim]um for a Char[tered] Librarian will be £2,022 per [ann]um.

[Remov]al and resettl[eme]nt allowances of up to £600 [and] separation allo[wanc]es of £8 per week will be [paid] in appropriate [cas]es.

[A] description of th[e po]st and an application form [ma]y be obtained fr[om t]he County Librarian, Central [Lib]rary, Westgate, O[xford] OX1 1DJ. Telephone Oxford [81]5509 or 816509. [E]x 837439. Closing date: 17th [No]vember, 1975.

[D]ivisional [C]hildren's Librarian

[Su]dbury

[Grade] [illegible] £2,922-£3,[28]2 per annum

[Char]tered Librarian[s] are invited to apply for the [above] post.

[The re]sponsibilities [of] this post are mainly for work [with] children and [sch]ools. The Division consists of [a] full-time and sev[en] part-time libraries and a mobile [library].

[Jo]b description [and] application forms are available [from] G. L. Hammon[d,] F.L.A., Area Librarian, Library [Administ]ration Unit, Honey Hill, Bury St. Edmunds, [return]able by 17 No[ve]mber.

[S]uffolk County Council

Metropolitan Borough of **WIRRAL**

[SEN]IOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

[£2],127-£3,282 (minimum £2,922 for Chartered Librarians)

[illegible] at a branch library issuing approximately [illegible] volumes per annum. An interest in work with [young] people is an advantage. Applicants should have completed [the] [illegible] of the Library Association.

[Application] forms from the Director of Leisure Services, 8 Rivers[illegible], [illegible], Wirral, Merseyside, returnable by 21 [illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF CAMDEN

DEPUTY DIRECTOR OF LIBRARIES & ARTS

£7,578-£8,346+£333 Travelling Allowance

Consequent upon the retirement of the present Director and the subsequent promotion of the Deputy Director, this important position in Camden's Libraries & Arts Department is now vacant. The successful applicant will require to have a keen interest in the further development of an already advanced and sophisticated service, operating from 3 major libraries (each with major reference departments) and 11 branch libraries, all serving residents, full-time students and commuters.

Automatic Data Processing is a feature of the lending services and the heavily used audio-visual service contains the largest collection of sound recordings in the country. Original pictures and sculptures are lent and a highly developed arts programme is organized by a specialist arts staff; Camden's annual Arts Festival being renowned for its presentations.

The Deputy Director will be expected to exercise general bibliographical and administrative oversight of the Department's activities, as well as be responsible for the preparation of estimates and financial control. We therefore need a Chartered Librarian with wide experience of senior management in a modern library service, who can accept the challenge of this demanding post in maintaining and furthering Camden's library, arts and cultural services.

Further details forwarded with application form. CLOSING DATE 21st NOVEMBER.

camden

For application form please telephone our 24-hour recruitment answering service 01-837 9988 or send postcard to the Director of Central & Management Services, London Borough of Camden, Town Hall, Euston Road, London NW1 2RU, stating post and reference No. 9/55.

STRATHCLYDE REGIONAL COUNCIL
Department of EDUCATION

Applications are invited for the following posts:

AYR Sub-Region

Post Ref. No.

AY/EDS/11
LIBRARIAN
GARNOCK ACADEMY

AY/EDS/12
LIBRARIAN
KILMARNOCK ACADEMY

AY/EDS/16
LIBRARIAN
ARDROSSAN ACADEMY

Salary Scale: £2,922-£3,282. Grade: Librarians

Duties of these posts include materials selection, readers' advisory work and supervision of a library assistant. School librarians are members of a team of professional librarians in a fast-developing Education Resources Service.

Application forms may be obtained from the Assistant Director of Manpower Services, Regional Offices, Ayr, KA7 1DR, to whom completed forms should be returned by 19th November, 1975.

LANARK Sub-Region

L/EDU/54
SENIOR LIBRARIAN
BELL COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY, HAMILTON

Salary Scale: £3,474-£3,825. Grade: AP III.

Applications from qualified Librarians for the above post in the Educational Resource Centre which is situated on the 8th Floor of the College. It has a large and comprehensive stock of audio-visual software for use in schools within Lanark Sub-Region.

The Senior Librarian is responsible for the overall organisation and administration of the Centre, including acquisition of stock, cataloguing, issue procedures, display and public relations. Close co-operation and liaison with the Teaching Advisory Staff is a constant feature of the work there as are day-to-day contacts with the teaching staff in the schools. In addition to library staff there are two technicians and a graphic artist.

Application forms may be obtained from the Assistant Director of Manpower Services, Regional Offices, Hamilton, ML3 0AQ, to whom completed forms should be returned by 20th November, 1975.

R. M. O. McCULLOCH,
Director of Manpower Services.

Library Assistant

£2,106—£3,010 p.a. inc.

required for the Board's Central Library

Opportunities will be given to gain experience in all aspects of special library work. This post will be of particular interest to those wishing to make a career in library and information work.

Applicants should have a good educational background and, although not essential, previous experience in this type of work would be an advantage.

Applications stating full relevant details and present salary to the Personnel Officer (Headquarters), Central Electricity Generating Board, 15, Newgate Street, London EC1A 7AU, by 14th November, 1975. Quote Ref. TLS/152/P.

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY

ASSISTANT COUNTY LIBRARIAN
Young People

P.O.1(a) £4,689-£5,250

Chartered Librarians with substantial experience in the provision of library services to schools and in work with young people are invited to apply. It is the policy of this Authority to appoint qualified librarians to all Upper Schools, High Schools and the 6th Form College.

The successful applicant will be a member of the Senior Management Team and will contribute to the formulation of policy affecting the whole County Library Service.

Application forms and further details available from the Personnel Officer, County Hall, Bedford. Tel. Bedford 63222 Ext. 108. November 21st, 1975.

KENT COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARY SERVICE

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

£3,825-£4,095

Based at County Library Headquarters in Maidstone the Senior Assistant Librarian will be involved at management level with a wide range of duties including staff, special services and transport. Must be a Chartered Librarian with broad experience.

Disturbance allowance payable in approved circumstances.

Particulars and application form from County Librarian, County Library, Springfield, Maidstone ME14 2LH, returnable by 22 November.

LECTURES & MEETINGS

THE EIGHTEEN NINETIES SOCIETY
incorporating
THE FRANCIS THOMPSON SOCIETY
5 Kemplay Road, London, NW3 1TA

Francis Thompson: Towards a Reappraisal, a lecture by Miss B. M. Boardman, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1, 14th November, 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON
Gower Street, WC1E 6BT
FREE PUBLIC LECTURES
Autumn Term 1975

Tues. 18 Nov. at 5.30, William Townsend Memorial Lecture by Norbert Lynton, "Art and its Publics".

Thurs. 4 Dec. at 5.30, Neale Lecture in English History by Professor J. R. Hexter, "The Anglo-American Parliament of 1628".

EDUCATIONAL

WOLSEY HALL
THE OXFORD CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
(accredited by CACC)
DEGREES G.C.E.
AND PROFESSIONAL COURSES
Free prospectus from
W. M. Milligan MBE, TD, MA,
Dept. B11 Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR

CATALOGUES

A SHORT Catalogue of XVIIIc and XIXc books—Alan Fotheringham, Stone Bridge, Chawleigh, Chulmleigh, Devon. Tel. Chulmleigh 505.

PARRIS, BOOKSELLER.—New general catalogue, mainly antiquarian, 10p (refundable on order) —Wyvern House, Llandrindod Wells, Powys.

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
74th Year

7 NOVEMBER 1975
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